New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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CHAOS IN THE CONGO

A full report on the UN's civil operations by Ritchie Calder

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Communist Manifesto

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PAUL JOHNSON
Lucky Mac

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JOHN MANDER
on The Thirties

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On the US Embassy

Dead Men Don't Talk

To question Mr Butler's decision to reprieve the capital murderer Rogers is not to advocate the obscene charade of judicial hanging. We are glad the scaffold was not used. Yet how can the public make sense of a penal system which ensures the ritual strangulation of Forsyth and Harris for teenage thuggery that got out of control, but finds a last-minute excuse for Rogers' armed and apparently premeditated murder; which comes close to precipitating public riot by executing Marwood (convicted solely on his own confession of accidental killing) and reprieving Collier (who chopped up his neighbour to rob him of his savings)?

The latest case justifies the National Campaign's renewed drive for total abolition simply because it demonstrates more clearly than any theoretical argument that the law in its present half-way house is intolerable: reprieves are so unpredictable and usually incomprehensible that justice is seldom seen to be done; any deterrent effect of hanging is thus largely frustrated; the public lottery of the gallows has become a recurring degradation; and the attempt to reserve the ultimate punishment for the most odious murderers has failed.

The law reached its present absurd position in 1957 largely as a result of public reaction (in one case long-delayed) to three particular cases of hanging. Timothy Evans was hanged in 1950 for a murder which he probably did not commit, and of which he certainly would not have been convicted if the jury had known that an important prosecution witness living in the same house was himself a mass-murderer. Derek Bentley was hanged in 1953 for a murder he was not even alleged to have committed himself, while his companion, who actually did the killing, was reprieved. Ruth Ellis was hanged in 1951 for shooting in passion and despair her faithless lover. These three cases persuaded a decisive section of thoughtful opinion, and a majority of the House of Commons, that innocent men could be hanged and that some executions were intolerable affronts to decency, justice and common-sense.

Perhaps it was inevitable that the change in the law which followed represented a compromise. The hanging lobby, confronted for the moment with a Commons majority against it, concentrated on securing the retention of at least the principle of hanging. Two lines of argument were predominant: first, an attempt to single out for the ultimate penalty categories of murder of peculiar heinousness; secondly, a differentiation between murders done by professional criminals carrying guns, and all others. The first line totally collapsed in the Commons debates under the weight of its own inconsistencies; the second, which clearly embodied some arguments of substance, formed the basis of the new category of capital murder, specially designed to deter armed robbery and attacks on police and prison officers. This compromise has now broken down.

When there is such a conflict about the rightness or wrongness of judicial killing a statutory half-way house can be no more than an illogical acceptance of contradictions and anomalies; and these are no longer acceptable to either side. It is meaningless for Mr Butler to plead the need for further study. The issue is again straightforward and unequivocal: is any judicial killing justified in a modern society? Once more, the overwhelming weight of informed opinion will oppose capital punishment. Once more, the hangers will seek to rouse the primitive popular desire for the periodic killing of a scapegoat. Between these two the Commons must again choose – this time in the knowledge that the half-way house is closed.

There can be no real doubt where the balance of the argument lies. It is just possible to argue that more humane administration of the death penalty could satisfy primitive public desires while avoiding the repetition of the Bentley or the Ellis cases. But there is no system of capital punishment which could save another Evans – the man we *know* we killed in error. Dead men don't talk and can't be compensated.

Comments on the Week's News

Congo

The Only Way

A correspondent writes: This week's debate in the Security Council on the Congo is unlikely to bring any relief to the desperate situation described on another page by Ritchie Calder. Indeed, so long as the Russians and the Americans, and even on occasion the Ghanaians and Guineans, cynically use the Congo situation for their own political purposes, tragedy and disaster will continue to chase each other at the expense of these unfortunate people. It can, of course, be argued constitutionally that Lumumba should be released and Mobutu deposed from his authority. But how can the United Nations be expected to accomplish this whilst the Americans and Belgians supply the money through which Mobutu is able to control the main armed forces? And if Mobutu and his 'college' are deposed, is it not highly likely that the first skeleton growth of local administration to appear since July will also be destroyed?

On the other hand, to permit Mobutu to continue to build his power against Lumumba and his supporters is to defy constitutional authority, allow Belgian power to creep back, and invite continued civil war. As Ritchie Calder writes, the United Nations now 'has to train a captain and a crew'. Without this the physical, economic and political disease germs now racing round the Congo will soon cross its borders and infest the whole of Africa. The ideal solution would be to bring Lumumba, Kasavubu, Mobutu and Tshombe together to agree on a division of their functions and to work together as a team. Only by reaching some such form of political accommodation, even for a transition period, will it be possible to mobilise the physical resources now desperately needed to preserve sheer life. Perhaps Mr Hammarskjold could do this if his mandate was extended. He should at least be given the opportunity to try.

South Africa

Trouble in Pondoland

A Special Correspondent writes: It is nearly nine months now since trouble first started in Pondoland – an area in the Transkei South West of Durban. During the last fortnight unrest has become critical. A prominent Chief, Vukayibambe Sigcau, and two of his indunas have been murdered. About 120 huts of pro-government Pondos have been burnt down, on different nights. The boycott of white shops, medical and transport services in Bizana has been completely effective since 2 November. An increasing number of police and high-ranking officers have been moved into the area, which is now virtually sealed off, and warships of the South African navy have appeared off the Durban coast.

The basic causes of Pondo discontent are already well known. A tribe that was once orderly and peace-loving has reacted violently to the imposition of the government's Bantu Authorities system. Some of the discontent has been caused by the impact of government schemes for better farming (eg, land improvement, cattle dipping, grazing regulations and the moving of dwellings from agricultural land), but the Pondos might have accepted much of this if they had been encouraged to do so by representatives of their own choice. Instead they have had to do the will of government-appointed Chiefs, whom they hold to be corrupt.

The Pondos' organisation and discipline have surprised everyone. They have organised themselves into the 'Congo' (nothing to do with the Congo Republic, but a condensation of the word 'Congress'). Their leaders' hierarchy is called the 'Hill'. These groups are organised, as were the Mau Mau in Kenya, on a cell system. The rank and file know their immediate leaders, but not the leaders higher in the chain. Pondo resistance is significant because it is the first time that organised opposition is being provided to the government in rural areas. There were disturbances last year in Zeerust and Sekukhuniland, but they had none of the prolonged activity and organisation of the Pondos. It also marks a movement in African political activity away from the urban centres into the rural areas for the first time in South African contemporary history.

The government realises that, unless it can make its Bantustan policies a success, it cannot justify its policy of separate development; and if it cannot justify separate development, it has no logical defence of *apartheid*. Most whites feel that Pondo discontent could be allayed if the government were prepared to spend money in developing the Bantustans, but the government has made no provision for such realistic expenditures in its budget. Instead it repeats that the Pondos have no real grievances and blames everything on to 'Communist agitation'. If there is nothing basically wrong in Pondoland, what are the agitators agitating about? And why is Pondoland today in a state of siege?

Paris

Lagaillarde at Large

Our Paris Correspondent writes: General de Gaulle's decision to advance the date of the referendum on Algeria from the end of January to 8 January makes one suspect that he is now so worried by the possibility of a *coup* by the *ultras* that he is trying to act before they have a chance to prepare one. This suspicion was considerably augmented when, last Monday, Lagaillarde and four of his men broke bail and fled to Spain. It seems likely that these men, who organised the anti-de-Gaulle plot in Algiers this January, have gone to join General Salan in San Sebastian to make preparations for a demonstration against de Gaulle when he visits Algeria this week-end. Certainly most of the Algerian *colons* are strongly opposed to the referendum, which threatens to end the juridical fiction of *Algérie Française*, and are only too anxious to oppose it by more direct means than their votes.

But the incident has aroused other suspicions, too. This is not the first time that wanted men from the extreme right have been released on bail by a military tribunal, have been left without effective police surveillance, and have then escaped to Spain. Exactly the same thing happened in the 'bazooka affair': the principal accused, Kovacs, who is alleged to have killed a senior French officer while trying to assassinate General Salan (then, ironically, regarded as 'suspect' by the *ultras*), was allowed to escape and is still at large. At the time, it was suggested that certain highly-placed people had facilitated his escape, fearing that he might reveal their complicity in court. The same suspicion surrounds Lagaillarde's release on bail – and the curious failure of the French police either to shadow him, or to prevent his illegal crossing of the border. After all, from the very start of the case before the tribunal, Lagaillarde and Co. had concentrated on showing how closely their aims accorded with the public promises of M. Debré. The President of the Tribunal warned them on several occasions not to use offensive language against Debré – but his name, and that of Delouvrier, the Delegate-General in Algiers, continued to punctuate the evidence. The fact is, a good many members of the Gaullist 'nobility' have been connected, in one way or another, with these men; it may, therefore, have seemed more convenient to allow them to disappear, rather than risk further damaging disclosures in public court. It must be remembered, however, that the charges against Lagaillarde and his accomplices hold them directly responsible for the deaths of 114 Frenchmen, wearing the uniform of the Republic – 'good French soldiers', as de Gaulle himself described them. Their disappearance, whether through inefficiency or a criminal conspiracy within the government, is a deadly commentary on a regime which bases itself on 'strength and prestige'.

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Laos

Whose Subversion?

A correspondent writes: By calling on America to stop shipping arms to the right-wing rebel forces of General Phoumi Nosavan, the Prime Minister of Laos has gone to the root of the matter. Laos, geographically between the Communist and the non-Communist worlds in Asia, was selected by America as the key point to prime with dollars. In the past five years, they have lavished $250 million worth of economic and military aid, acting as paymaster for the 30,000-strong Laotian army. The complete absence of any constructive help, plus the extremely ques-

tionable handling of the funds by officers now opposed to Souvanna Phouma's neutralist government, make Laos the worst example of wasted dollars in Asia.

Ten days ago, Prime Minister Souvanna Phouma, Asia's most emphatic neutralist, agreed to set up a coalition government with his half-brother, Prince Souphanovong, leader of the pro-Communist Pathet Lao. A Russian airlift began to carry to the capital, Vientiane, supplies of petrol and food which a blockade by Thailand, the Right-wing rebels' warm supporter, had prevented the Laotians from receiving by the Mekong River. Souvanna Phouma announced his intention of leading a delegation to Peking which Chou En-lai had welcomed, and plans were set for him to visit the Vietnamese Peoples' Republic on his return journey on 18 December. The US Ambassador in Laos had already protested against Soviet aid, to which Souvanna Phouma replied: 'It is the Laotian government, not the US State Department, which is responsible for Laotian internal affairs. When I want to do a thing, I do not inform the French Ambassador, or the British Ambassador. Why should I inform the US Ambassador?'

Unhappily, Washington has continued to equate neutralism with Communism and ever since the successful *coup* in Vientiane last August, which brought back into power the neutralist Souvanna Phouma, American diplomacy has continued to assume that its extravagant expenditure on military aid entitles it to intervene. Washington has made no secret of its support for General Nosavan, who set up an anti-government organisation in Savannaket, 300 miles south-east of Vientiane, on the banks of the Mekong. There, with the active support of the Thai Prime Minister, his uncle and an unblushing spokesman for the US, Nosavan was able to blockade the capital and collect troops, providing them with modern arms with which to fight the Pathet Lao.

With Thailand's blatant encouragement, which a whisper from America would have halted, General Nosavan was able to fight the Pathet Lao in the north and surround the royal capital of Luang Prabang. At the end of September, General Palmer, head of the US military assistance programme, tried to bring Nosavan and Souvanna Phouma together; when he failed, the US suspended dollar payments. The Premier thereupon announced the beginning of talks with Pathet Lao and the USSR offered economic aid. The Premier had then to listen to a long written sermon by Mr Parsons, America's top expert in the area, threatening the total withdrawal of dollars. But when the Soviet Ambassador arrived in Vientiane he was greeted with a red carpet, processions of chanting monks and a startling parachute display. Mr Parsons next tried to win over the King and persuade the Prime Minister to move his capital to a centre far from Pathet Lao influence. In effect, he hinted at setting up a rival government.

The Prime Minister is now reported to have appealed to the UN to recognise the danger of civil war and to protest against the aid sent to the right-wing rebels. Nobody has made a more determined effort to be neutral in the cold war. In fact he has been badly let down by America, which wanted only an ally against Communism; and by the International Commission which was set up in 1954 in Geneva with Britain and Russia as co-chairmen. The threat of war in Laos raises major Cold War issues; it is the responsibility of the UN to support Souvanna Phouma's desperate efforts for neutrality.

Westminster

Breakdown

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: 'The depressing thing about this debate', said Mr C. M. Woodhouse, the Conservative member for Oxford, 'is that it seems virtually impossible to say anything entirely new about the motor industry.' Judged by Tuesday's performance, Woodhouse seemed to have a point. Mr Fred Lee, for the Opposition, said some hard things effectively about the lack of a sensible plan. Each firm, he pointed out, went about things in its own way and the government contracted out of any responsibility. But this point has been made many times before. So, of course, have the demands for a reduction of purchase tax and for a relaxation of the credit squeeze which almost every speaker repeated on Tuesday. The only new thing on these points would be to show how credit relaxation and lower purchase tax would help the export trade where the recession is at present most acute. Nobody tried this.

When Lee did try what he assumed was a new point – his proposal for a motor industry working party – he was reminded by Mr Reginald Maudling not merely that a working party already existed but that it had in fact been set up by the Labour Government all those years ago. Only Mr Frank Bowles, who pressed for outright nationalisation, and Mr Frank Tomney, who suggested that the developing countries of the world needed not minicars but commercial vehicles, and that our main export drive in future should be in this field, had anything to say which at all stirred the thin House; and the Opposition's great assault on the government faded away in half hearted recriminations about wild-cat strikes on the one hand and grossly inflated profits and inefficiencies on the other until it could be quietly buried by Messrs Douglas Jay and Freddie Errol reading out pleasant little essays. These, reasonably enough, took little account of what had been said in the previous six hours. The Varsity match was bad enough; but it was better than this.

The Law

Reports on the Police

C. H. ROLPH *writes:* The Royal Commission's recommendations on police pay came out within a few days of reports on police methods by the National Council for Civil Liberties and by 'Justice', the British branch of the International Commission of Jurists. Read together, the three documents do not encourage a belief that the recommended starting wage of £12 a week for constables will make any fundamental change in police status, popularity, or effective recruitment. This is no criticism of the Commission itself, which has been as radical in these interim recommendations as most people would think sane. The local authorities always have to be won over – preferably at the outset, rather than being beaten into angry acquiescence after prolonged argument and legislation.

If that figure were doubled, then the police authorities might be able (if they wished) to draw for their recruits on the top people who would, perhaps, be intellectually capable of doing what the 'Justice' report believes to be going on in the police stations now. At a press conference, one of its signatories called this brainwashing, and the report calls it 'psychological methods which involve treatment designed to produce phases of anxiety alternating with phases of relief'. This hope-fear alternation is inherent in the situation of any suspect in a police station, and the British police are neither trained nor naturally gifted in brainwashing techniques. Undoubtedly some tough questioning goes on, there are periods of amnesia about the Judges' Rules, and the situation should always be closely watched. But in criticising this kind of thing, it really is not necessary to alarm ourselves about deep psychological methods in the CID room. The real weakness of the Judges' Rules is that, although they may exclude from the evidence an accused person's statement, they will never exclude further evidence discovered solely as a result of it. Most police interrogators have been aware of this for years. The knowledge calls for no great subtlety in questioning. But 'Justice' makes the sound recommendation that everyone who has given a statement to the police should be supplied with a copy of it, and allowed facilities for challenging its accuracy after advice.

The National Council for Civil Liberties is far more drastic than 'Justice'. No more policemen as prosecutors – a lawyer in every case, even for drunk-and-singing; no statements admitted unless made in the presence of a magistrate or solicitor; careful prescription of the cases in which prisoners should be asked for their finger prints (at present this is entirely within police discretion); and – long overdue – independent tribunals to hear complaints about the police.

NEXT WEEK

The Education of Princes

by KINGSLEY MARTIN

Old People

The Right to Work

PETER TOWNSEND *writes:* What are the employment prospects of older men? In a sharp report, *Growing Old In A Mechanised World*, published this month (Nuffield Foundation, 7s. 6d.) F. Le Gros Clark points out that their position is dismal. He shows that at a time when their numbers are increasing few efforts are being made by management to adapt working conditions so that they can give of their best and remain in employment for as long as possible. From a careful analysis of manufacturing firms he argues that the opportunities of moving to alternative or light work are smaller than generally realised and appear to be diminishing. Moreover, as the introduction of automatic and semi-automatic processes makes it harder for management to judge the staying power of their older employees, an arbitrary retiring age is more commonly applied. More people are retired while they are still reasonably fit.

Mr Le Gros Clark is one of the tiny band of social scientists who have been studying this problem in recent years, and his lonely voice again reminds us of its scale and importance. We tend to apply our principles that every man has a right to work only to the young, while unemployment in late middle and old age is neglected by government, industry and trade unions alike. Much of it is not featured in official statistics. A special committee on the problem was shamefully wound up by the government two years ago when its work had only just begun.

There appear to be three needs: more opportunities for alternative employment in industry, whether full or part-time; sheltered workshops or 'half-way factories' on the pattern of those provided for the younger disabled and blind, where people could work a 10 or 20 hour week, and special occupational provisions for the more infirm or housebound. There is a limit to what industry will do under present conditions, and it is unlikely that much can be done about the second and third of these needs without a forthright government policy. There are at least a million persons who want, yet cannot find satisfying occupation. Must we continue to deny them the opportunities to exercise their right to work?

Commonwealth

Two Labour Campaigns

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: At one end of the Commonwealth, in New Zealand, the local Labour Party has been soundly defeated; at the other, in Canada, a new Socialist party has won a seat before it has even been born.

The defeat of the Labour Party in New Zealand was not, for once, due to an economic crisis, a party split or unpopular policies. On the contrary, the country is prosperous, there is no unemployment, and the Nash government had a good and popular administrative record. It took office three years ago at a moment when there was serious trouble with the balance of payments – always vulnerable to fluctuations in the price of dairy products, meat and wool – and it dealt with it by borrowing to meet its foreign exchange problem, stiff import controls and emergency taxes to check inflation.

The government had also started a large-scale programme of industrialisation, which was widely approved in the country, stepped up the pace of house-building and provided cheaper loans for house-purchase, done something to improve the cultural picture by setting up an Arts Council, and created a state-sponsored consumer advisory service. It had, in short, been effective and intelligent.

What went wrong? There seem to be four reasons for the defeat. First, the National Party's promise to cut taxes seemed more convincing than Labour's – Nash had campaigned on tax-cuts last time, and then put on the emergency taxes to meet the crisis. The second was the disintegration of the Labour machine, to which little attention has been paid in recent years, and its divorce from much of the trade union movement. The third was the slick campaign of the National Party, which has profited from the experience of the British Conservatives, and spent a great deal of money on publicity. The fourth, which probably proved decisive, was the question of state aid for Catholic schools. Of the 80 seats in the New Zealand parliament about a dozen are marginal, and decide the fate of governments. In at least six of these the National Party candidates gave undertakings that Labour refused to give to the Holy Name Society, promising to seek public money for private schools. The switch of a few hundred Catholic votes was enough to tip the balance.

In Canada, however, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation has at last succeeded in persuading the Canadian Labour Congress to support the idea of a Canadian Labour Party. The party is due to be born out of a convention to be held next June. Even before its birth, however, a 'Labour' candidate has won a by-election in Peterborough, Ontario, a seat held by the Conservatives for 20 years. It may be that the new party in the present Canadian industrial scene will pull its punches on public ownership. Nevertheless, the fact that the programme already put forward for study includes the withdrawal of Canada from Nato, the abolition of bases and the exclusion of nuclear weapons from Canadian soil, demonstrates its radical spirit.

The New Communist Manifesto

Now it is clear why the Communist conference in Moscow lasted so long. It was not an informal gathering called together to endorse a change of tactics, nor even a more formal occasion at which some of the differences between the Russians and the Chinese could be talked out. The 81 Communist parties met, after much preparation, to decide upon a common policy for the years ahead, and the long document published this week is a landmark in Communist history.

There has been no meeting of this kind since the seventh congress of the Comintern in 1935. When the Cominform was set up in 1947, only nine European parties were involved. In 1957, the main declaration of the important meeting held after the November celebrations was signed only by the Communist parties which held power. But on this occasion every party, legal and illegal, has been invited, and they were supplied in advance with draft documents: at least two submissions, one from the Russians and the other from Peking, have been circulated. The CP leaders thus went to Moscow prepared for a full-scale theoretical debate.

That, no doubt, is the reason why the meeting was held in such secrecy. Though the last Comintern congress was a public affair, it was a typical piece of Stalin's stage-management. The line had been decided in advance. Dimitrov's speech on the Popular Front, like the discussion which followed it, merely paid lip-service to the 'democracy' of the Comintern, which had long been nothing more than Stalin's sounding-board. But the situation today is different. Since Stalin's death, and especially since the views of the Russians and the Chinese began to diverge sharply after the Soviet 20th Congress in 1956, there has been disagreement about several crucial points of Communist doctrine. This disagreement has led to the open conflict of attitude between Moscow and Peking, to the rise of factionalism within Communist parties and the international 'front' organisations which they maintain, and to all the tactical troubles which ensue if world Communism has no coherent and consistent line. The Moscow meeting had genuine business to transact.

Why was such an encyclical needed at this moment? The ideological tug-of-war between Moscow and Peking is one reason: the two large Communist powers could not indefinitely continue their wrangle without serious consequences. Even at the cost of concessions – on which Peking may yet put its sectarian gloss – Krushchev had to restore the semblance of unity. There is, next, the new situation created by Kennedy's election. The end of the Eisenhower administration coincides with the end of the operation begun by Krushchev when he pushed Malenkov aside and began, first, to remake the pattern of Soviet society (the 20th Congress); secondly, to refashion Soviet foreign policy (Summit talks, peripatetic diplomacy and peaceful co-existence); and, thirdly, to give the world Communist movement a new theoretical dispensation (the struggle against the dangers of 'revisionism' and 'dogmatism').

Finally, the position of world Communism itself has changed. Contemporary 'Marxist-Leninism' has to take account of the hazards of nuclear war, but also of the growing military strength of the Communist bloc; it has to devise a strategy which can come to terms with nationalist and neutralist movements; and it has to evaluate the forms of transition to Socialism and full Communism. The last of these points may seem an arid intellectual exercise to the outsider, but for the Communist regimes the verbose formulations of this statement have practical as well as doctrinal importance.

A good deal of what the document says on these matters has been said before by Krushchev, or has been implicit in Soviet policy. But these earlier statements were made under different conditions – when Krushchev was trying to establish his position within the Soviet party, as at the 20th Congress, or in the course of the intra-party polemic which has been going on for the last four years. What Krushchev said, or what *Pravda* wrote, carried a lot of weight in the Communist world. But it was not the same thing as an official restatement of Communist doctrine. That is marked by key phrases in the new text.

'A new stage has begun in the development of the general crisis of capitalism.' Thus, flatly, Krushchev has done what Stalin never did. He has persuaded the leaders of the Communist parties that there is a 'higher' stage of capitalism than the 'highest' described by Lenin in *Imperialism*. It is now official doctrine that the balance of power has tilted in favour of the 'Socialist camp,' and that this is a matter of the relative rates of economic growth as well as of missiles. Though war may be 'the constant companion of capitalism,' it is not 'fatally inevitable.' Though the imperialists, with the US at their head, may still be aggressive, 'the time is past when they could decide at will whether there should or should not be war.' Indeed, the combination of Communist power and the colonial liberation movements means that 'local wars started by the imperialists can be effectively combated, and 'the hotbed of such wars can be successfully stamped out.'

There are two points of substance here. Krushchev's view that the destruction of nuclear war can be avoided has prevailed. And a clear distinction is made between local conflicts and major wars: war, in short, is not indivisible. If brush-fires break out, they can be contained, and may even – as in Suez, Iraq and Algeria, possibly in Laos, Vietnam and the islands in the Formosa Strait – be turned to the advantage of Communism and the discomfort of the imperialists.

Such confidence stems from the belief that modern imperialism is disintegrating, and that this – unlike the 'contradictions' Lenin talked about – does not necessarily involve war against the Communist countries. This is the crucial doctrinal difference between this document and any published by the Comintern or Cominform. It may even be possible 'to exclude war from the life of society before Socialism achieves complete victory, with capitalism still existing in part of the world.'

This type of peaceful co-existence, however – as Krushchev has pointed out many times – is no passive agreement to live and let live. It is the form that the class struggle takes in the new stage of capitalism; and those who read this document in search of omens of a 'hard' or 'soft' Soviet policy can take little comfort from it. The new class-struggle will be particularly acute in the colonial areas, where the West is already on the defensive. 'The complete collapse of colonialism is imminent,' the statement declares with all the confidence of Marx writing the original *Communist Manifesto*, and the struggle for 'national liberation is second only in historic importance to the formation of the world Socialist system.' Thus 'all the people still languishing in colonial bondage must be given every support,' and the creation of 'independent national democracies' – a new category, this, which can be stretched to include everyone from Castro to Nasser, Sukarno and even the latest protegé, Lumumba – becomes a primary objective of Communist policy.

We shall soon see how Krushchev and Mao propose to ride the tiger of colonial revolution. But since they propose to break up the imperialist world by striking at its weakest links, it seems that this game is more likely to be played outside the United Nations than within it. Krushchev's curious tactics at New York begin to be more intelligible: in the long summaries of this document there is not one mention of the role of the 'independent national democracies' within the UN or even of the demand for Chinese membership.

This is a far cry from Stalin's suspicion of nationalists and neutralists. Where once a nation's attitude towards the Soviet Union was the touchstone for Communists, today peoples and parties are to be judged by their attitude to the 'imperialists' in general and the US in particular.

There is less contradiction between the two main themes of this statement than may appear at a superficial reading. If Krushchev and Mao are really convinced that a nuclear war can be avoided and that local wars can be contained, they will then feel more free to exploit the weaknesses of the West in Asia, Africa and Latin America. For they can back Ferhat Abbas, or African nationalists, or revolutionaries in the banana republics to the degree that seems compatible with their desire to avoid a full-scale conflict. In this way they retain the initiative, but their commitment will never be so absolute as to prevent their withdrawal when they find themselves at a tactical disadvantage. This may be their hope. But if they miscalculate – in Cuba today, or Laos tomorrow – this attempt to have it both ways could be dangerous. And a 'hard' line in the colonial world will not help forward the disarmament negotiations on which Moscow, at least, continues to insist.

This is an ingenious revision of Communist theory. It accepts the old Leninist concept of an alliance between the working class and the peasantry; it retains Stalin's idea of marrying the proletarian and colonial revolutions. But it does so in an epoch where the Communist heartland has become so strong that it no longer requires the theory of inevitable war, and where the nuclear missile has made war so devastating that it would bring 'destruction to entire countries and reduce key centres of world industry and culture to ruins – including people in countries not involved in it.' Here, then, is Krushchev's prescription: We Shall Win – and How To Do It. His Peaceful Competition may be as difficult for the West to live through as Stalin's Cold War.

Lucky Mac and his Hons' Cupboard

PAUL JOHNSON

At the risk of seeming ponderous, I am getting a little tired of the picaresque image which Mr Harold Macmillan – and his faithful Admen – crams daily down our rising gorges. That Britain should have to go through the painful slimming process of the 20th century is inevitable: but Lucky Mac has managed to turn it all into an elderly debutante's joke. It is rather like watching the last act of a crumbling country-house play from the servants' quarters: Ivy Compton-Burnett jazzed up by P. G. Wodehouse. I can forgive Mr Macmillan most of his props: the misty crofter grandfather, the American mother, the ducal wife with her gardening gloves, the endearing tribes of grandchildren (though what the government will look like when *they* come onto the political labour market I shudder to think). But I draw the line at the patches on the hacking-jacket, the Edwardian cricket-boots, the carefully darned undergraduate waistcoats, the thumbed volumes of Trollope (has he ever read *The Way We Live Now*, I wonder?) and, most of all, those peculiar shooting-gaiters. For a highly-successful, super-rich, cast-iron unflappable political Houdini, this carefully-contrived atmosphere of down-at-heel gentility is just about the last cheese straw.

Indeed, from what I hear, Mac's Edwardian charade no longer evokes the ripples of unaffected mirth even from those for whose delight and profit it was originally contrived: the hard-faced gents of the Tory party. It was all very well to be pulled from the brink of the Suez pit by a pyrotechnic display of aristocratic *sang-froid*; but Suez, as we all know, is a dead duck now, while the *sang-froid* is still with us – or, rather, with them. Julian Amery was fair enough; and Cousin What's-his-name and Uncle That; so, perhaps, was the Earl of Home – though nobody could ever remember actually meeting him – and even the Earl of Cromer. But the Duke of Devonshire? Who exactly *was* he? One elderly Parliamentary Under-secretary, who has been unable, in umpteen years' service, either to rid himself of a Midlands accent or to form the useful habit of reading a page or two of Debrett before composing himself to sleep, seemed to think that the Duke was the man who dished Gladstone in 1886, adding: 'For all I know, the fellow's *still* a Whig'.

Indeed, it is gradually being realised by a widening circle of Tory hopefuls that they are positively not welcome in the Hons' Cupboard; that they are, in short, Horrible Counter-Hons, and had better get used to the fact. Short of scrounging an invitation to the right sort of shooting-parties – City syndicates are distinctly not good enough – the Tory self-made member must be content with an occasional airy pat on the back as the Prime Minister passes through the lobbies on his way to the Dukeries. And even this symbolic gesture, though well-intentioned, is occasionally taken amiss – as, for instance, by the Tory member who reckons he spends £5,000 a year on his constituency, who has never been invited to a ministerial dinner-party, and who was recently slightly miffed to be congratulated by Mr Macmillan on 'the splendid way you chaps are standing by Hugh Gaitskell'.

But if life is hard for the Tory under-dogs, it is often disconcerting for their superiors, too. In the increasingly vague feudal world he inhabits, the Prime Minister does not always draw the proper distinction between a Duke and his valet – a failure which Arthur Balfour might have relished. Mr Macmillan's favourite form of relaxation, nowadays, is the dispensing of patronage: there is nothing he enjoys more than discussing the merits of rival contenders for a post he has at his disposal. Unfortunately, so the story goes, he is

'The Prime Minister was simply tremendous . . . He shot everything.' — Lord Masham, 26 August 1960

not over-particular in the partners he chooses for such deliberations. Tory wits tell the tale of the senior peer who, the evening before, had been gratified by the Premier's confidence in debating ——'s suitability for the bishopric of ——, and who was perturbed to overhear, early the next morning, the same conversation being conducted with a puzzled under-gardener. At the country houses the Premier honours, butlers and gamekeepers, beaters, still-room maids, second footmen and other feudal figures are often astonished to be asked their views on the attainments of, say, a potential Regius Professor of Ornithology. And, to judge by some recent appointments, advice of this type is not without weight.

But while all this is going on at the Big House, what of the estate? It is here, alas, that the joke ceases to be funny. Nowadays, this country gives the impression of a torpedoed liner settling slowly into the water. Upstairs, the band is still playing, the captain's on the bridge, the cocktail-shakers are still rattling in the First Class Lounge: only in the boiler-room is there any sign of panic. Whenever I return from abroad, I bring back with me a deepening sense of the gross incompetence of British industrial management. In Santiago, recently, I heard a group of British businessmen blaming their failures on the Labour government, as if Sir Stafford Cripps was still twisting their arm at the Board of Trade.

Any excuse will do; indeed, it must do, for senior directors are kept too busy arranging for the purchase of a tax-fiddle house in Bermuda, or for a company Rolls to take their wives shopping, to bother about such minor matters as competing with the Germans or the Japanese. Fat men with big cigars fight paper battles over vast blocks of property; while in the Midlands, it appears, we cannot even make enough of that elementary commodity, the brick. Presumably somebody forgot to order the straw. While the death of the *Chronicle* and *Star* is debated in terms of morality, or blamed on the printing unions or the price of paper, nobody seems to notice that it was a colossal failure of 'enlightened' capitalist management.

The government's answer to failure is, of course, to launch a fresh advertising campaign, thus further fostering illusion at the expense of reality. Indeed, taking the cue from our Premier, we are becoming a society of illusions, of mechanically contrived happiness concealing an abyss of – what? Of inner loneliness, perhaps, the inevitable consequence of a surrender to egotistical materialism. The new rich, who haven't quite made the Dukeries, spend their money on building grotesque villas on the fringe of all-Aryan golf-courses, aping their American superiors in Nassau, or, stung by their supine cultural consciences, on buying bad Impressionists, as valueless as the hideous canvases Lord Duveen once foisted on the Morgans.

The middle classes, whose primary concern is morality, are diverted by such issues as hanging, birching and the prosecution of *Lady Chatterley*, while the government quietly allows the One-Armed Bandit, together with its two-armed masters, to take over the underworld. At the bottom of the rubbish-dump, the workers are encouraged to grovel among the ever-growing litter of electric gadgets, cosmetics, detergents and nasty chocolate bars, while their rulers, deploring at intervals the decline of religion, pocket their tax-free capital gains.

Indeed, it is curious that, as a student of Trollope, Mr Macmillan does not recognise his hero's favourite image: the old estate which is living on capital. The guards at the Palace are still as smart as ever; but there is no second battalion in the barracks. Falling exports are 'balanced' by paying medieval rates of interest on hot foreign money – or by selling off an occasional slab of sterling assets. To pay for our independent nuclear deterrent – the current equivalent of keeping a coach-and-four – we run down our conventional forces, on the assumption that nobody will notice. Lacking a positive international strategy or a real voice in world affairs, we have Mr Macmillan's increasingly motiveless publicity trips, punctuated by a new brand of verbal *legerdemain* which Lloyd George, for one, might have envied, and which has led Mr Krushchev, for another, to carry a tape-recorder whenever the Premier accords him a private audience.

Carlyle described Disraeli as a conjuror, leading the British people 'by the nose, like helpless, mesmerised somnambulant cattle'. But Disraeli, at least, had a shrewd idea of where he wanted the herd to go: he possessed a consistent philosophy of class, a coherent view of the world and Britain's place in it. I see no evidence that Macmillan has any planned design – beyond the misty euphoria of a Ramsay MacDonald. Anxious, on the one hand, that Britain should take the lead in settling the Cold War, he cheerfully hands over absolute control to America of the British-based Polaris. A public opponent of the class war, he conducts his government on an ideological class basis, and has created the conditions for a steady widening of the gap between incomes. A sentimental conserver of the past, he has turned the speculators loose upon the English countryside. It is both ironic and significant that the Scottish crofters have never had it so bad as under Lucky Mac.

History, I think, will write Macmillan off as a plunger, a seeker after the fast buck of popularity, a gambler who concentrates on enjoying his winning streak. One day, soon perhaps, the luck will run out; and I think that he is smart enough to know it. On Monday he took the unusual step of giving a dinner party for his noble colleagues. It was an impressive and numerous gathering, for his government now includes one duke, one marquess, six earls, two viscounts and seven barons. What, I wonder, passed through the Premier's mind as the port circulated and the glow of cigars lit up the pink cheeks clustered admiringly around him? Did he reflect that Lucky Mac had had his turn, that the time had come to cash his winnings, pocket his earldom, and get out of the racket? Or did he decide to linger a moment longer in his private Ruritania – and wait for the broker's men to batter down the door?

This England

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London Diary

CRITIC

The Archbishop of York's smile was too fat and the Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool's too thin when they talked on TV the other day. They were as polite to each other as Kennedy and Nixon and basically, I suppose, for the same reason. They emphasised their fundamental differences but were in practical agreement at least in a joint struggle against 'materialism', which was an euphemism for Communism and maybe also Socialism. Dr Heenan's smile was, I thought, tinged with contempt for the Anglican heresy, muddled as it must seem to those whose Pontiff alone inherited the keys of St Peter. The Anglican Archbishop's bulwark was the knowledge that almost all Englishmen, including English Catholics, are at some point Protestants, just as few, if any, English Communists are at heart always uncritical of the Kremlin. The parallel is apt. I could not believe Dr Heenan when he spoke of the virtue of toleration, for it must be sinful in Roman eyes to tolerate error. Communist and Catholic doctrine agrees on this point. If you believe you have final truth, you only believe in toleration when you are not in power. Democracy is to be supported where your Party is in the minority; it gives you freedom for propaganda. If you are in power you can suppress error. And so the Catholic church does where, for instance in Spain and Portugal today, it is in a position where it can be intolerant.

★ ★ ★

Two examples of how the Catholic Church does use its influence inside a democracy. It is common knowledge that the BMA refused an advertisement from the Family Planning Association in its two popular publications *Family Doctor* and *Getting Married* in deference to Catholic pressure. Now the BMA has changed its mind and such advertisements will appear. The other example is more serious and represents a Catholic victory. I learn from a well-known member of the Anglican Church that the Transport Commission has refused Family Planning Association advertisements on railway stations. On this basis, my correspondent asks, why should we not all pester the Transport Commission to ban posters we don't like, such as the one about Top People, or those messages from the Flying Saucers? Alternatively he suggests that we should begin another no-Popery campaign such as convulsed England in the nineteenth century.

★ ★ ★

I seldom look at plays on TV and almost never watch one to the end, but Mr Lindsay Hardy's *The Assassins* riveted me and then at the last minute gave me a dramatic and memorable shock. A middle class family was suddenly held up by assassins, dedicated to the service of their country; one listened to arguments about who started the Cold War, whether it justified assassination as the Hot War did, and whether bad means could be sanctified by good ends. Then, when the play seemed about to peter out melodramatically, one suddenly discovered that the scene had been in Moscow, not in London, and that the assassins were dedicated Englishmen, not Communists. Acres of leading articles would not so successfully provoke thought. Hope would dawn for the world if this story in re-

verse – it would only need the change of three sentences in this ingenious script – could be seen by Russians watching Moscow television.

★ ★ ★

Jean-Paul Sartre's press conference urging the French government to indict him as a signer of the manifesto of the intellectuals who opposed the Algerian war was not an attempt to secure more publicity. Its object was to stop the prosecution and discrimination which the French authorities are practising against less famous signatories. Some have already been charged with inciting French soldiers to desert; others have been blacklisted and financially victimised. Sartre's stand on behalf of his friends has the support of American intellectuals. They know McCarthyism when they see it. Fifty-two of the American protesters are professors from Massachusetts alone. Now a number of New York intellectuals have written a moving open letter to their French friends reminding them that during the Mexican war Thoreau took exactly the line that Sartre is taking today. I notice such names as C. Wright Mills, the sociologist, Lewis Mumford, and such a well-known novelist as James T. Farrell. London is nearer to Paris than New York; the *Affaire Sartre* should also be the concern of thinking people in Britain.

★ ★ ★

Sharing the general uneasiness about mail bag robberies on the trains, I have been getting some figures to compare with those of previous years. I find that, until the three recent cases on the Brighton line, it was 60 years since a railway guard has been attacked in his van; which makes it seem a little premature to demand, as some newspapers have been doing, a drastic, expensive overhaul of security measures. A case for tightening up, not as yet for panic. In the first ten months of this year, on the whole British Transport system there have been 208 cases of 'interference with mails', which is rather below the average. Some 161 of them concerned parcels mail, which gets slightly less elaborate protection, but none of them concerned letters stolen at stations, and 58 thieves have been arrested. Since the British Transport Commission runs 23,000 trains a day this can't really be too bad. Of course it's unexciting. Perhaps this is why, when all these figures were supplied by the BTC to the press last week, they seem to have been totally ignored.

★

Ralph Partridge, whose death I have unhappily to record this week, was a regular contributor to this journal for thirty years. I have been talking about him with Raymond Mortimer, who knew him much better than I and who so often edited his copy. Raymond remarks that his reviews of detective novels 'were delightful in their liveliness and carried authority because they were always discriminating, but it was as a critic of biographies that he gave full play to his powers. When an undergraduate at Christ Church he made a name by rowing rather than by reading. His relish for history he acquired later from Lytton Strachey, with whom he and his first wife shared a house for many years. The great Strachey-Fulford edition of the Greville Memoirs was largely based upon his labours and those of Frances Marshall, whom he married when left a widower. He went on studying the 19th century till he acquired a knowledge rare outside the academic world; and

'Blest by Time'

COMMENTING on the NEW STATESMAN's impending change of editor, last week's *Time* Magazine declared: 'Of England's weekly journals of opinion, the NEW STATESMAN is beyond much doubt the best written, best edited, most successful – and most maddening. It is read round the world.' Such a journal should prove a most acceptable Christmas present to many readers' friends. 'Round the world' there are plenty more people who would appreciate the good writing and editing and might enjoy (or need) a modicum of maddening.

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there is no expert upon the period whom I think more shrewd in his assessments of character. The only book he wrote, however, was an account of Broadmoor, typically sensible and humane. He was remarkable for combining cool judgment with hot blood – passionately sceptical, intolerant towards the enemies of individual freedom, quick to anger in support of non-violence. In the First War he had been the youngest major in the British Army, and decorated for his courage. Then he became and remained an absolute pacificist. In the last war he claimed as a conscientious objector exemption from service in the Home Guard. He brimmed with joviality and gusto: his interests included racing, the Stock Exchange and lawn tennis as well as books, all the arts, politics and travel. He endeared himself as a great enjoyer, a most stimulating companion and a most affectionate friend.'

★ ★ ★

My post this week contains a letter headed London Constituencies Conservative Subscription Centre and signed by Sir James Waterlow, Chairman. It is written personally to me at this address. It explains that Conservatives must feel a sense of shame that London is dominated, year after year, by the Socialist Party and asks me to send a personal donation to help to defeat them. The envelope includes a neat little blue book with the names of individuals and firms who have already offered to pay their guinea or two for this laudable purpose. In the case of firms, I wonder whether the shareholders have been consulted about this use of their money.

★ ★ ★

Another odd letter has reached me from a correspondent in Sussex. He says that he is a member of the British National Party and asks me to join it. He writes that he is proud of the BNP 'because of what there Great Party asks of pure British blood and stock. We have no foring Blood in our family or our ancestors. I wonder how many readers can say sutch as that. If you do not like what I say then you must be half bred witch is a sin to our Party and if you are proud to be British then join our Party Sir.' He feels there must be something wrong about allowing thousands of 'forigners' to come here and that our people's housing should be taken by 'these dirty basteds'. The writer of this letter, who has no doubt had a free education in England, comes I suppose from the same ideological drawer, if not from the same social stable, as one who has written to the *Evening Standard's* editor complaining of Vicky's anti-Conservative bias. His letter concludes that such comments 'are specially unpleasant coming from a foreigner and if they are to continue they might be made more palatable, even acceptable, were the cartoons at least signed by some indigenous artist, Augustus John or Graham Sutherland'.

Logogram

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Consider the sum total of the bets she places during the whole period in groups, thus: (1) first bets of the evening, (2) second bets of the evening, (3) third bets of the evening, and so on. In each of these groups the number of Reds and Blacks will tend to be approximately equal. Hence in the whole series of bets there will be no predominance of one or the other.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Lady Sayer, chairman of the Dartmoor Preservation Society, who has campaigned vigorously for the prison's removal, wants to see the older parts of the prison preserved as a place of historic interest. She is convinced that tourists may be the salvation of Princetown. 'For years they have come here to stand and stare at the prison. They would just love to get inside and have a look – it would become an outstanding attraction of the national park' – *Guardian*. (Tim Evens.)

While crossing a golf course I saw three women tackle a thief who tried to steal golf clubs and other belongings.

One young woman bravely tripped him up so that he went flat on his back.

She held his legs while her two friends (both very heavily built) sat on him, one on his stomach and the other on his head, till help came.

However I was puzzled by some onlookers who criticised the women, saying their combined weight would injure the man. – Letter in *Evening News*. (J. A. Bondy.)

As a woman who enjoys watching sport, I get very embarrassed when footballers hug and kiss each other on the field after a goal is scored.

Now when I go to see a Rugby match, this never happens. When somebody kicks a goal or scores a try, both sides just get on with the game as quickly as they can.

Why is there this big difference between footballers and Rugby players? – Letter in *People*. (Peter McGow.)

The Great Goncourt Scandal

K. S. KAROL

For the first time since its foundation 57 years ago, no Prix Goncourt has been awarded this year. Or, to be more precise, the nine members of the Academy *did* pick a prizewinner, Vintila Hora, but were the first to express relief when he declined the honour. This literary scandal, which has distinct political undertones, has eclipsed practically every other topic of conversation in Paris for the past fortnight. Indeed, it is more than a cocktail-party joke: for it reflects grave doubt on the judgment and methods of France's most influential literary jury, which has the power of boosting the sale of any book it picks by at least 100,000 copies.

The trouble is, of course, that promising books by new authors – which is what the prize is really meant to encourage – have been rare in recent years. The Goncourt was, perhaps, decisive in the literary careers of Proust and Malraux; but latterly it has gone to writers like Simone de Beauvoir, Elsa Triolet and Roger Vaillant, all fully established authors. Criticism of *les Goncourts* has, in fact, been growing steadily; they have been accused not only of ignoring the instructions of the Goncourt Brothers, but even of yielding to pressure from the big publishers.

Imagine their delight, therefore, when in 1959 André Szwarz-Bart published his novel *Le Dernier des Justes*. It was immediately, and very nearly universally, hailed as a masterpiece. Here was an obvious winner by an almost unknown writer. So anxious, indeed, were *les Goncourts* to give it the prize that they actually advanced the date of their announcement to get in ahead of the Prix Renaudot.

Unhappily, this choice too brought trouble. Early in November, André Parinaud, the editor of *Arts*, launched an offensive against Szwarz-Bart, accusing him of having lifted and translated chunks of Yiddish literature for use in *Le Dernier des Justes*. Parinaud was never able to substantiate his charges in precise detail – indeed, it has been unkindly alleged in Paris that his motive in bringing them was not so much concern for literary integrity as to get the prize for one of his protégés – but he managed to raise a good deal of literary dust. The members of the Academy stood their ground and awarded Szwarz-Bart the prize; but they were roundly accused in certain sections of the right-wing press of favouring progressives and Jews. Hence this year they were determined to restore the balance, and fortunately – so they supposed – fell upon an ideal candidate: a new writer who was both right-wing and a Catholic, a Rumanian called Vintila Hora. His novel, *Dieu Est Né En Exil*, had the unimpeachable *imprimatur* of M. Daniel-Rops, member of the Académie Française and author of *The Life of the Infant Jesus*. It also told the edifying tale of how the exiled Ovid became a Christian before he died. A number of critics were, however, perturbed by the choice. Kléber Haedens, in *Paris-Press*, described it as 'artificial and suspect', Alain Bosquet in *Combat* found it 'tasteless'. Others were far more scathing, and a number of Latin scholars asked, rather plaintively, how Ovid could have been converted to Christianity since he died in AD 17 – when Christ was still learning to be a carpenter.

Then came the *l'Humanité* bombshell. André Wurmser, its literary editor, devoted an entire page of the paper to photostats of M. Hora's *juvenilia*. *The Times* Paris Correspondent has described these as being 'uncomplimentary to Napoleon'. They were rather more than that: too complimentary to Hitler might have been a more apt description. Indeed, there no longer seems any doubt at all: Hora was a Nazi propagandist, employing an arsenal of invective against such *youpins* as Einstein and Heine, and roundly damning the 'corrupt democracies' of Britain and France. French collaborationist writers such as Robert Brazillac were shot at the Liberation for less than that. Hora was luckier, having taken refuge in Argentina and Spain. And now, here he was, with France's biggest literary prize.

Among *les Goncourts* panic set in. Gérard Bauer, the first of them to utter, took the safe line of maintaining that the prize was above politics – after all, he argued, hadn't Léon Daudet, a confessed anti-Semite, voted for Marcel Proust? – and then scuppered himself by adding that he wouldn't have voted for Hora if he had known about his past! Others, such as Armand Salacrou, throwing the traditional secrecy of the ballot to the winds, hastened to divest themselves of any responsibility: 'I was never impressed by *Dieu Est Né En Exil* – I voted for Henri Thomas's book.' Threatened by an internal split, not knowing which way to turn, *les Goncourts* finally hit on the ludicrous compromise of maintaining the award, but refusing to invite Hora to their luncheon and cancelling their TV programme. Hora himself rescued them from ignominy by renouncing the prize.

Why, however, did Hora fail to give any hint of his past before accepting the prize? He has since said that he regarded his early writings as merely the errors of youth ('Even the saints of the Church committed sins as

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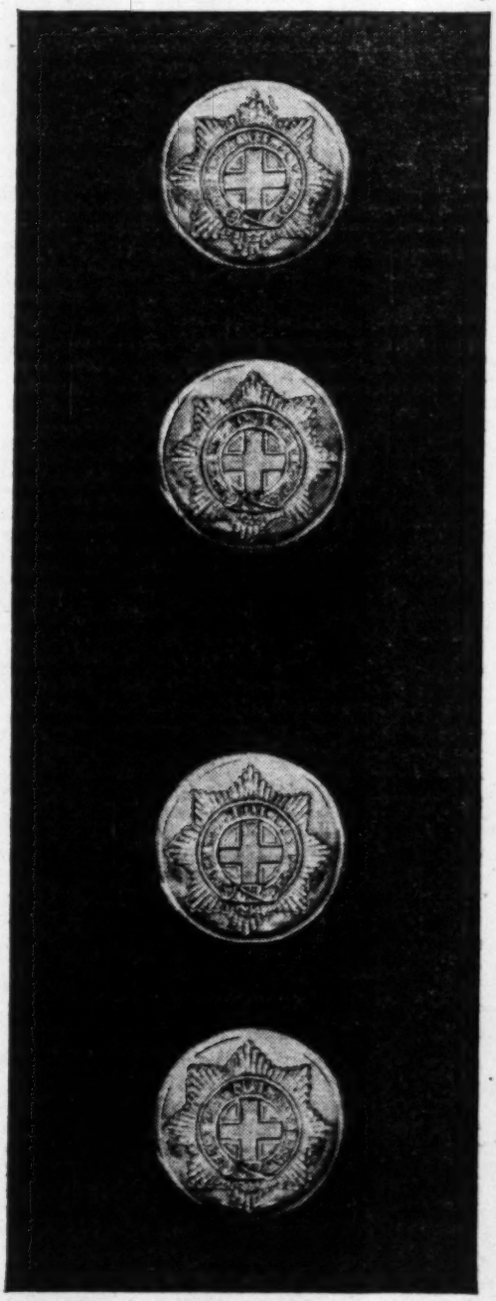

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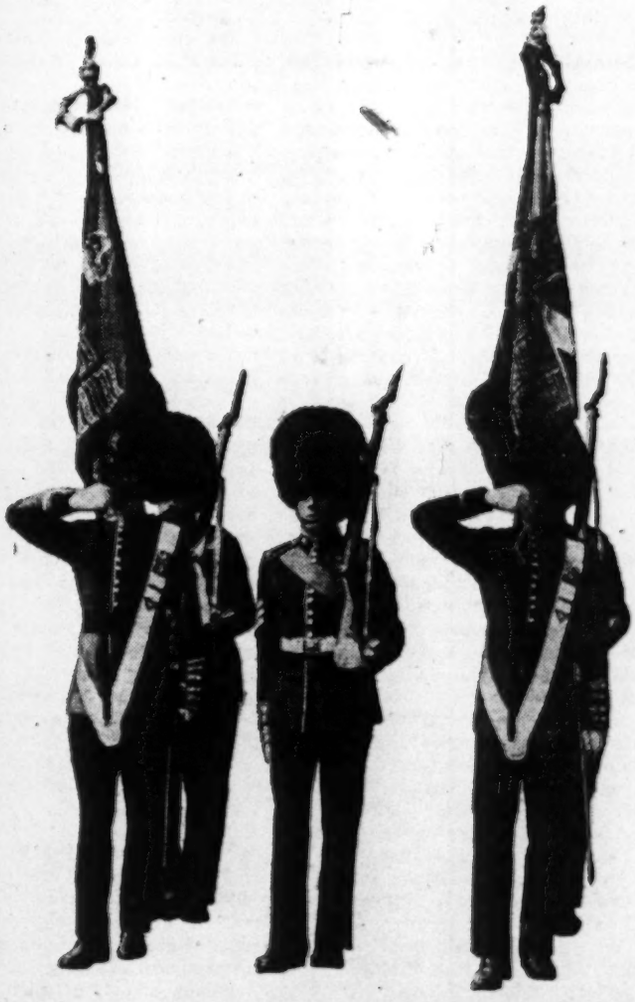

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young men"); but it is odd that he made no reference whatsoever to them in the innumerable press-interviews he accorded before the *l'Humanité* story broke: on the contrary, he even claimed to be a Nazi victim. Nor is this the only mystery surrounding what *Le Monde* calls *le malencontreux lauréat*. How, one wonders, did nine of France's most distinguished men of letters allow themselves to be taken in by a book which, everyone now agrees, is – quite apart from its author's past – thoroughly second-rate? Has the literary prize system, which has so long dominated French publishing, been struck a fatal blow?

A Night With The Mob

ROY KERRIDGE

All the mob were down in the coffee bar, like I'd expected. There was Sam, a large muscular individual with a quiet air of confidence about him; Nick, slim, natty and good natured; Doug, a sturdy moon-faced and freckled individual and, of course, Bert. They're all 17 and all wear Italian jackets, Continental slim-line trousers and pointed shoes. All, that is except Bert, who's 16 and wears an old fashioned drape jacket, Ted-style, shabby jeans and shoes that were once pointed, but now not so, as frequent visits to the menders have filed down the ends. Also the soles are now hanging off. As he's also got long curly hair, Bert's often mistaken for a beatnik, which rather flatters him. Sometimes he dresses like a beatnik, when he goes around with his hard-man friends in all the out-of-the-way hard caffs. In such places, beatniks provoke sarky comments, which gives his hard mates an excuse to get into action. All the mob are unemployed, except Doug, who's a sort of very minor clerk-cum-odd-job-man in a firm selling foreign stamps to schoolboys. I suppose the only word for them is 'yob', but they aren't hoodlums in the sense of going around sticking shivs in people. Bert's the only one who seeks the company of real hard men, but he's not hard himself.

We usually meet in the coffee bar and later traipse around town together. The coffee bar consists of a dingy basement room with a bar where you can get Pepsi or froffy coffee, a pin-table of the easily tilted variety, a juke box and two benches along by the wall. Every night it's crowded with girls jiving and boys sitting on the benches or leaning on the pin-table. One night we were leaning on the pin-table. By and by a girl came over.

'Could you lend me a tanner?' she asked hopefully. 'I'll pay you back Friday.'

'What for?' I asked.

'Get myself a bite to eat – 'aven't eaten since breakfast.'

'Propper tapper, aren't you? Here's a half-penny.'

'Ta muchly. Could you lend me summink, Nick? Starvin', I am.'

'Seeing I'm loaded, I can't very well refuse,' he said, and gave her a tanner. He's just sold his motor bike. She grabbed the money and rushed off to another group of boys, presumably to try the same tactics. We all moved over to the doorway and grabbed at the girls trying to get in. Eventually the bouncer came up to us.

'Okay boys – in or out,' he said. 'Can't have you hanging about like this – give the place a bad name. Come on, make up your minds now, or I'll have you all barred.'

We scarpered out up the steps, past the rows of motor bikes and into the pub across the road, where everyone made a dive for the pin-table. As we'd got no money for drinks, we didn't stay long, thanks largely to the management, which had previously banned us anyway.

Next stop was the pin-table arcade, where Nick won a rubber ball and a doll's toilet set (which he gave to Doug for his little sister) by throwing balls into numbered holes. He always wins at this. Having tilted almost every pin-table in the place, we found a convenient back street for a game of football. I dislike all sport, so while the others rushed around the middle of the road, I kept a watchful eye for the Law. Eventually a copper appeared and we all ran like mad. We passed the scrounger girl from the coffee bar with three other girls, each holding a *Daily Mail* full of fish and chips, so she hadn't done too badly for herself.

The copper didn't chase, as evidently he didn't think us worth sacrificing his dignity for, so we slowed down and entered another coffee bar. This one was almost empty, as it used to be a hard place, till the owner lost his temper and banned the hard blokes. It's a very dark place, long and narrow, plenty of jiving space, with rickety tables pushed up to the scantily padded benches lining the walls. Up by the bar there's a football-table and two pin-tables, which are very popular, as the owner gives out cash prizes. We hung around a bit, having pooled our loot together to buy a Pepsi and five straws, as a few of our mates were hammering away at the pin-tables and football.

After a bit, me, Doug, Mick and Bert got fed of the place, so we left Sam with some cronies and burst into a children's playground that was closed for the night and had a go on the swings. Then Doug had to go home because of his Mum, so he ran off, and me and Bert started trudging homewards too. Nick's all right; he's in digs and can stay out all night; but, as he was skint by now, he trudged along with us. A squad car, packed with Law, zooshed past us along the deserted road, and after several manœuvres, pulled up beside us. I'm terrified of the Law, and probably looked very suspicious.

'Alright,' said one copper, 'what were you doing just now?'

'Walking home,' said Nick.

'And you?' he asked Bert.

'Walking home.'

'And you?'

'Walking home,' I said.

Then they took our names, ages and addresses. Bert gave his real name and address. I'm one of those cautious people who start thinking of a false name and address every time I see a copper, whether I've done anything or not. Actually, this is rather unwise, as if you haven't done anything, and they catch you in a lie, it makes them think you have done something.

'What're your jobs?' asked the copper.

We couldn't very well say we were all unemployed, as a copper takes the simple view that anyone not in a steady job is a criminal and worth taking to the station for a bit of spite, even if they can't pin anything on him.

'We all go to the grammar school up the hill,' I said. This impressed the copper no end till he looked at us more closely and became dubious.

'What were you doing up here?' asked a plain-clothes lawman, emerging from the car.

'Seeing a mate home,' said Nick.

'Ah-ha! Who was your friend?'

'Don't know – only met him today. We've been to the pin-table arcade.'

'Well, where's his house?'

'Dunno. He ran off in that direction.'

'*Ran*? Why was he running?'

'Well, walking quickly.'

'And you don't know his name, address or anything about him?'

'No.'

'Can any of you drive?'

'Me and my mate Bert here can drive a motor bike. Sid can't drive anything, can you, Sid?'

'That's right, Brian,' I said.

'Okay,' said the lawman. 'Turn out your pockets.'

'Hey, wait a minute,' I protested. 'What've we s'posed to have done?'

'That's up to us to find out. Turn out your pockets.'

All I'd got was my door-key. I didn't take out my wallet, as it was stuffed with club-membership cards, all with my name and address on. Luckily he didn't search me personally. Nick handed him the rubber ball he'd won, and the lawman inspected it gravely before giving it back.

'No sign of any car keys,' said the lawman, sadly. Looks like we'll have to let them go.'

'Alright, you might as well go off home now,' said the copper, so we hurried off. We saw two coppers flashing torches around where we had stood – presumably they'd thought we'd thrown the car keys away somewhere.

'So!' said Bert. 'Someone's swiped a car. Thank God it wasn't us.'

'Bloody Law!' said Nick, bitterly. 'Where I used to live, they beat you up in the street, so long as no one was about and you weren't too hard.'

THE ARTS

Monument with Frills

REYNER BANHAM

Only a knave or a fool, I suppose, would dare offer to be 'objective' about the new US Chancery building in Grosvenor Square. All an honest critic can hope to do with a building so loaded with politics is to be as straight as he can with the building and with the architect, and bracket in the politics only where they seem to impinge unavoidably on what has actually got built.

The site of the Chancery is the whole of the west side of the square, but it doesn't fill it. It fails to reach the corners by an equal amount at either end, so that one senses at first sight that this must be an isolated structure with a centralised facade, and in this single basic decision, the architect, Eero Saarinen, has destroyed what he was adjured to preserve. The brief given by the State Department to the contestants in the limited competition for its design laid particular emphasis on preserving the character of the area (the insistence on Portland stone dressings appears to have come from the ground-landlords). Now the character of any Georgian square, even when it has been rebuilt later, is that each side is a serial composition of repeated or contrasting units, which one reads as a sequence, not as an entity – if there is a central feature, as in Bedford Square, it is irrelevant to the aesthetics of this type of architecture, since the built

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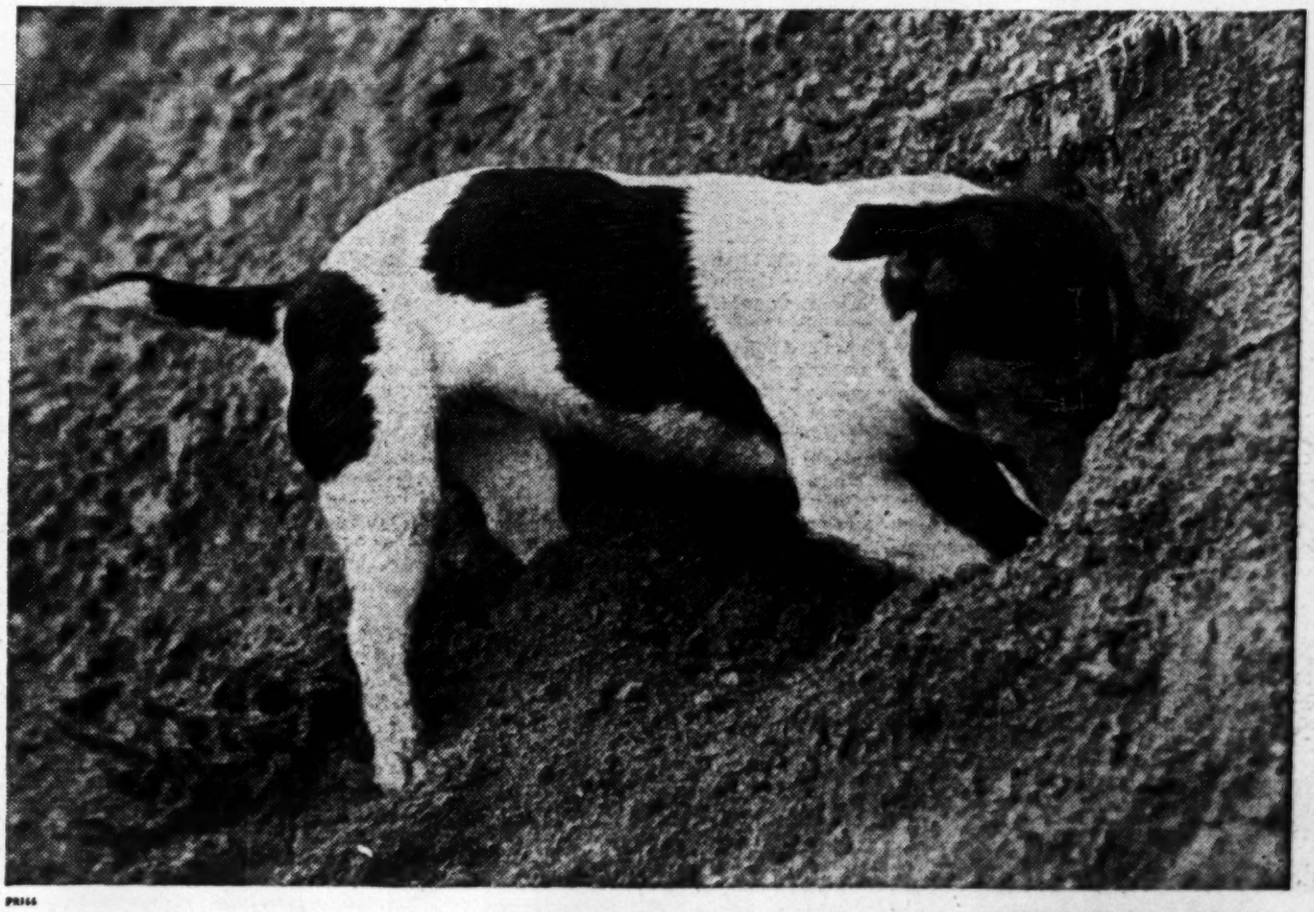
If you dig deep enough, you never know *what* you may find. It probably won't be gold coins, but there's certainly treasure of a kind for the taking—a wealth of hidden minerals, waiting for science to put them to work. Silicon, for instance. In one form or another—such as sand—it makes up more than half the earth's crust, yet we've only just learned the true value of the element itself. Pin's-head crystals of silicon, as pure as man can make them, come from I.C.I.'s newly built plants to form the heart of transistors—the tiny devices that are replacing valves and making extra-slim radios and hearing-aids possible. I.C.I. silicones, made from silicon, go into polishes that give a quick easy shine, into waterproof dressings that keep shoes and coats and houses dry, into special rubbers and resins that stand up to extremes of heat or cold. Silicon is doing some surprising things—and it's only one of many hidden treasures brought to light lately by scientific skill and made available to all by I.C.I. enterprise.



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work reads as an enclosing wall, not as an isolated block. Saarinen, by opening a sizable hole in each corner of the square, lets any sense of enclosure drain away like water through a breached dyke, and leaves us with a building which would imply – even if it did not have – a symmetrical facade.

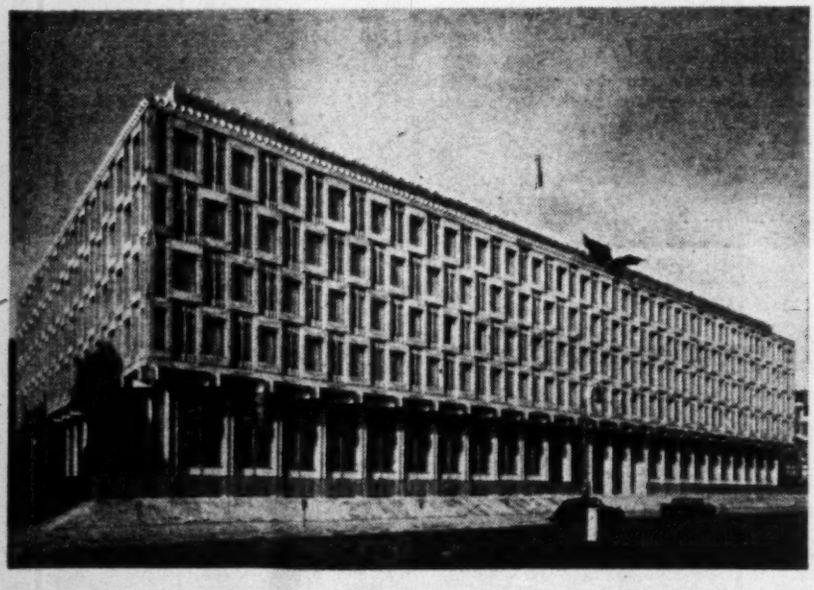
A building of this axial type, when on a monumental scale, needs to stand isolated at the end of an axial vista, as Buckingham Palace is seen on the axis of the Mall. But this cannot happen here – partly because trees will normally screen and confuse the front as effectively as they do the south side of Le Corbusier's *Pavillon Suisse*, but even more because Grosvenor Square already *has* an axis, that of the Roosevelt monument, which happens to run in exactly the wrong direction, from North to South, and the layout does not, at present, admit of another axis at right angles to it. But the consequences of the symmetrical composition, marked by the entrance on each facade, as well as by the eagle on the parapet facing the square, cut deeper than this. Comparison with the *Pavillon Suisse* is unavoidable because this is yet another of that seminal building's teeming progeny, a true son since the weight of the upper storeys of offices, having been gathered up by a 'diagrid' of concrete beams, is transmitted to the ground by a lower storey of columns set back from the upper facades (le Corbusier used a sort of concrete chassis, but the basic proposition is the same). This is a profoundly un-classical decision, because it produces a building which is open and narrow at the ground, whereas a classical palazzo stands wide and solidifies into rustication for its ground storey. Le Corbusier has never significantly tried to mate it to anything so classical as a symmetrical facade (if you count the windows of the *Pavillon* they balance out, but it is as irrelevant as the superficial axiality of Bedford Square).

In the upshot, Saarinen has produced a building that is modern when seen in raking views along the front, but contradicts itself when seen from further away. Leading opinion in the 'Ballet School' of US architecture, to which this building clearly belongs (even if Saarinen's other work doesn't), would probably assert that objections to this contradiction are irrelevant to the 'art of architecture,' but I would counter-assert that it is at the level of art, rather than practical technics, that the contradiction matters. Architecture is an art of symbolic form, because buildings stand about long enough to acquire associations, and those associations rub off on other buildings in which those forms appear. The symbolic associations of axiality are, at their worst, autocracy (Versailles), at their least offensive, oligarchy (Washington) – egalitarian democrats who compare the dates of the Reform Bill and the rebuilding of the Palace of Westminster will not be at all surprised to find that in spite of the suggestions of balanced equipoise implied in the existence of two council chambers, Sir Charles Barry contrived to disguise this functional symmetry from all but one viewpoint, and modern architecture, being somewhat committed to egalitarianism, usually leans in the same direction.

This, of course, provides a splendid smarty-pants escape from serious criticism – Saarinen in designing a building that looks one thing from one viewpoint and something else from another, has given the State Department the architecture it deserves. The trouble is that this is truer than it looks. When the US diplomatic building programme first began, it favoured straight modern as the best vehicle of its intentions – and produced Ralph Rapson's exemplary work in Stockholm, Copenhagen and Paris, for instance. But as the Dulles line hardened in the mid-Fifties, and Krushchev reversed the Russian line on architecture, there was a change in State Department policy, even a change in the make-up of its architectural advisory panel, and a new regime appeared that seemed bent on extracting the utmost pomposity from even the most self-effacing architects – as witness Gropius's tame little office-block in Athens ridiculously wrapped in a faint classicising peristyle.

But, in the meantime, something had been happening to US architects – something inevitable. Under the double impact of acceptance and affluence, modern architecture could no longer pose as a desperate act of social rescue in the face of a hostile Establishment. It lost its dedicated muscularity and began to go Neo-monumental in one direction, Ballet-School in the other. Saarinen's Chancery does both: monumental in bulk, frilly in detail. Observe, apart from the classical symmetry, the gold-anodised aluminium fins on the ends of the diagrid beams, the equally gilt pie-frill round the cornice, the acres of marble so pure it looks like plastic, the ridiculous defensive 'bund', topped by a gilded fence and backed by a ditch that is rumoured to be scheduled for filling with poison ivy, that lies all round the ground floor – a nice compliment to an ally!

The trouble here appears to be that somewhere inside all this a good architect is fighting to get out. We *know* Saarinen is a good architect, and the building abounds in details whose consistency and logic bespeak a standard of professional competence that few buildings in Britain can rival. Again, some of the interiors, such as the staff cafeteria in the basement or the two subsidiary entrance halls to north and south have a lightness and spaciousness about them that no British architect has approached in recent years. Ultimately, I suspect, the architect deserves our sympathy. In an age when the authority of government depends on personalities, statistics and communications, any attempt to build 'representational' buildings for prestige will simply produce empty cenotaphs. Saarinen should have been commissioned to design a high-quality office block, and hang the brand-image.



Man and People

DAVID DREW

It seems rather hard on Alan Bush's opera *Men of Blackmoor* that its British premiere (given by the Oxford University Opera Club) should have taken place in the same week as Covent Garden's revival of its *Wozzeck* production; but not as hard as some sections of the Press have been. The Press reactions to *Men of Blackmoor* would indeed provide material for a minor study in the psychology of critical journalism in the 'free world.'

Conditioned reflexes functioned with precision. First there was a certain mild resentment of the fact that an opera by one of our senior composers should have been first produced in a foreign country. Secondly there was the sharper embarrassment that the country in question, East Germany, is on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain. Thirdly and consequently, there was an ill-disguised satisfaction at the discovery, or supposed discovery, that *Men of Blackmoor* had been coldly received and poorly attended at Oxford. 'Was there any need to produce this work?' cried one of our national dailies. The question is worth considering.

First it must be said that when an artist's known politics have more influence on the criticisms he receives than on the work he produces, something has gone very wrong. We have been treated to disquisitions on Socialist Realism, and the customary remarks about the bourgeois nineteenth-century tastes and standards which prevail in the East. This is altogether too hasty. It is worth recalling that Berg's *Wozzeck* is regarded with as much favour in East Germany as it is in the West. In no sense is it Socialist Realism, nor is it a 'political' opera. But it is more nearly political than *Men of Blackmoor*. *Wozzeck* is not only a sustained cry of compassion for the *'arme Leute,'* but it depicts the ruling classes, on both the higher and the subordinate levels, with a savagery equal to that of the early revolutionary propagandists. *Men of Blackmoor* on the other hand avoids any direct representation of the ruling classes, and makes do with a curiously mild and in some ways even sympathetic depiction of one of their minor executives. 'Solidarity in the face of injustice' is indeed the theme of the opera, but it is expressed in terms that would have been wholly acceptable to Beethoven or

A selfishly masculine indulgence perhaps—but he can't always please her. She was, however, most agreeably surprised at his choice of car. With feature after feature to delight her womanly eye, and feature after feature to satisfy his manly one, they're both completely happy with their Consul. When you next see this car, look for their reasons for buying. Notice the space, the fabulous good looks, the overall impressiveness. And when you take to the road, see how your spirits rise—and how comfortably the Consul keeps up with your thoughts of comfort! Sit back: such splendour. Seat six: such hospitality. And look, just look. So much. So very much—for so modestly little! If you're round to your nearest Ford Dealer quickly, you can drive to your heart's content quickly—in a Consul!

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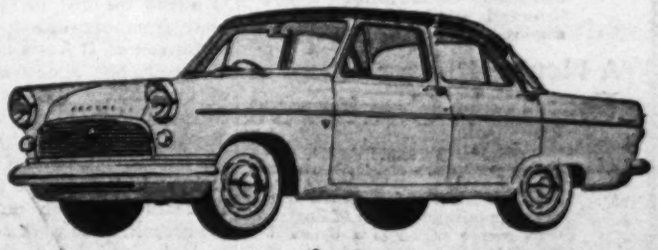

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Mussorgsky or Verdi. The kind of naked fury which is the distinctive characteristic of twentieth-century works of social protest, from Berg to Shostakovitch, is entirely absent. The men of Blackmoor might well have chosen Hugh the Drover to lead them – though to be sure, Vaughan Williams's lovable opera at one point comes closer to the dark side of things than Bush's work ever does. *Men of Blackmoor* is essentially just another home-spun rural drama, in which the negative forces of industrialism are hardly more than stage-props.

Men of Blackmoor is in fact strangely remote from Eastern Socialist Realism, as it also is from the non-political type of contemporary opera which is even more welcome in East Germany (I am thinking of such things as Suchon's *Krutnava*, and the historical operas of Ottmar Gerster and Wagner-Régeny). A more real parallel to Bush's opera is the folk-opera *Sandhog* by the American composer Earl Robinson. 'The most important ingredient in *Sandhog* is people,' remarks the composer. The people of Blackmoor are miners in the England of 1824. The people of *Sandhog* are tunnel workers in New York in the 1880's. Robinson is a composer of very modest talents, but he benefits from the richer sources of American folk-song, and especially from the Negro songs of protest. Curiously enough, a leading motive in Bush's opera is almost an *Ur-motiv* of modern American music, and there are other things in the score (for instance the disjunct parallel triads and thirds) which would not be out of place in a work of Copland, Blitzstein or Robinson. The affinity with Robinson is worth suggesting, not only because the New Deal fervour of his final chorus 'Let every man stand proud and tall, To turn his hand for a better land for the good of all is so close to Bush's final exhortation 'For us there's nought but stand and fight,' but also because it is probable that Bush would benefit from wider terms of reference within the folk-song field which he has so dangerously chosen. He has the resource to cope with it.

This is a purely musical question, not a political one. *Men of Blackmoor* has been described as tendentious, but the tendentiousness has in reality been confined to the critics. A tendency, in the good sense, is one vital thing which is missing from the opera. Uncharitably, one might say that it seems to lack the courage of its convictions. More concretely, the composer denies himself the musical means whereby those convictions might be conveyed. The modal and folk-like material which Bush uses, does not in itself have a sufficiently precise dramatic profile; and although Bush's extraordinarily accomplished and musicianly development of the material reveals it to have more tensile strength than one would have expected, the music never achieves a real narrative line, and as a result it merely emphasises a similar weakness in the libretto. Despite the thematic organisation, the structure of the work is crippled by faulty timing. The rhythm, both large and small, is weak; nothing is more indicative of the absence of true theatrical sense than the prevalence of defective prosody, for which a blind obedience to folk-song shapes is partly responsible. For instance, in a simple statement like 'More than we earn in fines we pay,' the implied caesura comes after the word 'fines,' and thus ends by reversing the intended meaning.

The chief virtue of *Men of Blackmoor*, and the reason why it particularly deserves a performance at this historical point, is its unfailing honesty. The work is respectful of the craft of composition: it is never cheap, and at its best it achieves a genuine dignity. The question that needs to be asked is not 'Does this work deserve a performance?', but rather 'Is it fair to a work of this kind to present it for the first time with an amateur company and orchestra?' So far as it was possible to judge, Bush's orchestration is ineffective, and the difficult problem of devising appropriate yet varied accompaniments to this type of melody is not always solved. The tortured intonation of a relatively inexperienced orchestra compounded these deficiencies. However, the cast contained some talented singers, notably Christian Hunter, Kenneth Gough, Dan Klein, and Janet Edmunds. Professor Westrup, the conductor and moving spirit of the enterprise, deserves thanks for his courage in persevering with something that was unlikely to be rewarded with a great popular success.

The revival of *Wozzeck* deserves every encouragement, and no one who was unable to attend the first performance should stay away from one or other of the remaining performances. It was a noble effort to mount the production almost entirely on the basis of the resident company. Should we then complain if the result seems as obstinately 'British' as the *Men of Blackmoor*? Despite the musical talents of Geraint Evans (Wozzeck) and Marie Collier (Marie), despite John Pritchard's extremely professional control of the orchestra, the work never came alive. The revived production is often merely mechanical, and mechanically defective at that (especially in the bungled final scene). Mr Evans staggers and groans, but at more than one point his anguish seemed disastrously akin to that of Mr Tony Hancock. The orchestra got round its part admirably, but Mr Pritchard has not succeeded in helping them *into* it. The interlude which follows the beer-garden scene must be an enlarged and nightmarish reflection of what has gone before. The transformation did not take place, with the result that the interlude almost seemed a structural error, an unfunctional repetition. The worker's sermon was in vain, and of the subsidiary roles, only Otakar Kraus's mad-fox Doctor carried conviction. But Berg must be heard, and again.

Two other premieres in England last week can only be briefly mentioned. Both works will be heard again, in London, in the near future. Messiaen's inspired *Cinq Rechants* was written for the 12 singers of the Marcel Couraud ensemble, and requires both the type of voices and the enormous rehearsal facilities which Couraud was able to draw upon. Now that the ensemble is disbanded, Messiaen's work has seemed virtually *hors de combat*. But last week at the Festival Hall, John Carewe and the Ambrosian singers bravely faced up to its formidable difficulties. They should be given every opportunity to repeat and cultivate their performance. The work is a treasure – beyond the pricing of the critics, it would appear.

The Cambridge University Music Society have given the first British performance of Britten's *Cantata Academica*, under the composer. It is, I think, the finest of Britten's occasional pieces, though to judge from the reaction, one might suppose that it was a finer work than *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I hope to say more about it after its London premiere next March. In the meantime, the Cambridge performance was an exhilarating experience, if understandably rather rough in some respects.

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VISTA BOOKS

With or Without Politics

BRYAN ROBERTSON

Craigie Aitchison's second show at the Beaux Arts gallery is very good. It sustains the promise and the gentle radiance of his first appearance at this gallery nearly two years ago. He is from Scotland, in his early thirties, and came late to painting. The work is still a shade immature, sometimes possibly too slight in conception, but his vision is in itself so fragile and thin that those limitations may well turn out to be part of the nature of his gift: not immaturity after all, but innocence. We are confronted by simple flower pieces and small landscapes in which sheep may very safely graze: soft green grass, a vast looming mountain with light diffusing its skyline, a cluster of flowers in the foreground. A doll's house Nativity with tiny pink angels flying through the starlit sky. Calvary with the three tall crosses almost floating in a great blue-green space with what seem to be pyramids in the distant haze. Awkward, twittery trees like dry sticks push up against a hedge and a horizon; one's gaze wanders along a tidily mapped and symmetrical garden path, glowing in the late afternoon light. The paint is thin, anonymous and unremarkable. Somewhere lurks the charming gaucherie of the pavement artist. But give these pictures time and much more is revealed. Do not be put off by my description or the fact that this *kind* of painting could so easily be coy, whimsical and pretty excruciating on all counts. Mr

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At the Waddington gallery, Patrick Heron offers us an abundant view of Messrs de Staël, Gottlieb, Rothko and Stamos, but from a great distance and with sudden glimpses of Scott. Considerable evidence of style in fact, but no vestige of visual compulsion or discovery behind it. Here are pictures which are all about painting, but what else? In the past, Mr Heron has made many cheerful paintings which would illuminate and enhance any interior; he clearly loves passionately the act of painting; he has put away his great gifts as a critic in order to paint. I cannot respond to his new pictures but hope that others may.

No response, either, to Guttuso's group of paintings and drawings at the McRoberts Tunnard gallery. He still has the guts and the energy – the belief is unquestionable, it fires everything he touches – to tackle themes and ideas which most artists today would run a mile from. All honour to him for this consistency. At the simplest level of estimation Guttuso's realist point of view is badly needed as an alternative to much abstract emptiness and mindlessness. The trouble is, he hardly ever seems good enough as an artist. Journalism gets in the way. Vigorous handling slops over into rhetorical coarseness. There are references to present-day more abstract painting in the handling of a big painting-collage, *The Discussion*, and in other pictures, but the compositions are cinematic, the colour hard and arbitrary, the abstract elements seem only to pay lip service, perfunctorily, to the idea of abstraction.

A vehemently painted portrait, full of character and presence, called *The Smoker*, works best of all: colour and paint are integrated, though solid modelling clashes with many flat, awkward passages – the hands for instance. This portrait still haunts the memory. It is owned by Richard Wollheim, who contributes a splendidly sharp, lively and contentious preface to the catalogue. His essay touches on all the problems, all the implications of what Guttuso is trying to do and sums them up with an aplomb which is only occasionally justified by Guttuso's performance. For Guttuso's 'present crisis' is an artistic crisis which will only pass when he gets better as an artist. Until then, Man, Reality, Marxism, Nature (Mr Wollheim's capital letters, properly reflecting the issues in Guttuso's work) will all seem as irrelevant as a visionary painter's dream of Heaven if that painter can't draw wings, or can't quite get his clouds right, or can't handle blue as a colour.

At the Tea Centre, an exhibition illustrating the practice of painting in Ceylon, from the fifth century until now, demonstrates a crisis of a different order. From the fifth century until the thirteenth century there was classical art in Ceylon of a most rare and lovely kind, best seen at Sigiriya. During this period another style gradually emerged, nearer folk art; and this eventually predominated, reaching its peak in the eighteenth century. From then on it was maintained, but became tired and confused by foreign influences. Modern painting as we know it came in the late 1920s. The present exhibition shows all this and gives heartening evidence of much vitality and individuality in the style and content of painting in Ceylon today – so hard for these artists to achieve, when their own roots recede and they see European art in the distance.

HENRY MILLER

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The Squalor that was Rome

W. JOHN MORGAN

In both *Spartacus* (Metropole, Victoria) and, at last, *La Dolce Vita* (Columbia and Curzon), Rome is considered unflatteringly and at great length. In the first case it is the Rome of the empire as seen by Stanley Kubrick in 193 minutes; and in the second the city of our own time by Federico Fellini in a shade under three hours. Each is a dazzling display of its distinguished director's talents; each is worth seeing; each has its faults. Recommending the star-spangled, 'super technirama' Hollywood colossus the more highly may seem not merely perverse but an impossibly hard pitch to bark; yet the barking seems necessary. *La Dolce Vita*, anyway, we all know about, don't we, and about how much it infuriated the Vatican and delighted anti-clerics and tormented the rich and led to assaults even on the silver screen itself. Curiously enough *Spartacus* offers a clearer comment on society – at least here, where we can take a more detached attitude towards the Roman rich: it's not our money they're buying the sweet life with.

Behind the credits, the masks and images of ancient Rome, beautifully lit, mix and fade. Alex North's music begins its dramatic beat. We read that the film is based on Howard Fast's novel; and that the screenplay is by Dalton Trumbo, his name solitary and undisguised for the first time since 1947. (Although Alvah Bessie notes in *Contact* that Trumbo has 'written 30 screenplays for money in the 13 years since the axe fell'.) The last mask crumbles and dissolves to a Roman slave colony where stone is being quarried. 'The disease of slavery', says narrator, sustains the empire, but here too there is 'the dream of the death of slavery 2,000 years before it finally would die'.

From this colony Spartacus (Kirk Douglas) is bought by the amiable, corrupt *voyeur* Batiatus (Peter Ustinov) who owns a gladiators' training school. Absurd lines may be heard: the gladiator's manager, like a top sergeant or Rose Bowl coach, shouts, 'All gladiators report to the training area'. Spartacus's love affair with Varinia (Jean Simmons) begins, and so does the feeling that the familiar violence and passion of the epic form have defeated Mr Kubrick. But with the slave revolt his particular talent for expressing intellectual concepts in terms of pictures begins to assert itself.

The film, obviously, is about freedom. It has its aphorisms. 'Death is the only freedom a slave knows', remarks Spartacus. 'That is why he is not afraid of it. That is why we shall win'. He leads his ragged army of 60,000 to Brindisi and the sea, is betrayed by pirates, and destroyed by the Roman armies led by Crassus (Laurence Olivier). Contained within this struggle is that for power within Rome between the patrician Crassus and the popular leader Gracchus (Charles Laughton), the one, shall we say, High Tory, the other a sybaritic humanist. This struggle, like the other, is won by Crassus who – from, of course, the highest motives – suceeds in establishing a dictatorship. Crassus, however, is a lonely man surrounded by lackeys. Spartacus's capacity to arouse loyalty and love among his followers torments him.

I take it that this is the point of the curious scene between Crassus and Antoninus (Tony Curtis), the poet-slave who is body-servant to him. In the ornate bath they are discussing morality. I take it that Crassus is making a homosexual pass at Antoninus ('My taste includes both snails and oysters'), which is resisted. The next we see of Antoninus is among Spartacus's rabble, where he soon attaches himself to his leader. Towards the fade, when Antoninus and Spartacus are the remaining slaves alive and have to fight a gladiatorial combat, the winner to be crucified, each wishes to kill the other to save the other crucifixion. Spartacus wins. 'I love you', says the dying Antoninus, but as he would to his father: the people's emotions are nobler.

Clearly this is not a run-of-the-mill epic. The acting is uniformly excellent: the swoop of crane-shot is exciting. But, for all that, the film has faults. The gladiatorial training programme drags. The images of the poor in Spartacus's band are composed with too much care to move one as intended: polish defeats its purpose of emphasising the heroic contrast between the splendour that was Rome and the squalor that was Rome.

In *La Dolce Vita* it's the squalor of the new jazz age, an examination of the corrupt in six set-pieces. The film, offering us detail in brilliant style – of actress, intellectual, night-club entertainer, phoney religion – is clearly intended to fill us with disgust at the way these people live. The pace is electric, except that one feels one is going around in circles. Detail, as Miss Elizabeth Bowen I believe remarked of the novel, is only ten per cent of the whole. What is missing in *La Dolce Vita* is a sustaining satiric attitude, a firmer placing of the detail in a whole society.

Correspondence

NIGERIAN INDEPENDENCE

SIR, – May I comment on some of Critic's references to Nigeria and probably make a point of information?

From Critic's references I get the impression that he thinks Nigerians are making a lot of fuss about nothing by the protests against the recent Anglo-Nigerian defence pact and the retention of Europeans in very important policy-making posts and especially against Mr Stallard. To us these things are not unimportant, and any sympathetic outsider who understands the situation will, or should, agree with us.

What do we gain from this defence pact? The training of a few cadets in Britain. This we can do, and pay for, without the pact, as we pay for thousands of our students who complete their higher education in your country. What do we lose? Our desire to be independent of the two power blocs becomes seriously compromised. Critic (and the NEW STATESMAN) has for long spoken ill of the western powers, the US particularly, having bases in other people's countries, especially where the inhabitants of the country are against it. Why he should now think Nigerians should be happy that their country is going to become a British base I just cannot understand.

In regard to the 'agitation' against expatriates, I do not think Critic understands the situation very well. We are not against Europeans or any other foreigners for that matter (except of course South African whites who are not against *apartheid*) being employed in our country. We are against the appointment or maintenance of foreigners in high policy-making posts; and Mr Stallard is one *par excellence*. I doubt whether Critic realises, and I am sure many of his readers do not, that Mr Stallard, as the Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, is actually the head of the federal civil service, which includes, it should be noted, the foreign service. This post in the colonial days used to be called the Chief Secretary. Sir Hugh Foot once held it. How would the British people like an American, however efficient, to be the British Foreign Secretary? I can assure you the situation is not less ridiculous than that. Not all the official actions of such a highly placed man will be known or vetted by his immediate superior.

I note that Critic gave no answer to the Nigerian who said to him that 'Independence must not only be won, but, like justice, must be seen to be won'. This speaks for itself.

NIGERIAN

London, WC1

[Critic writes: It is our correspondent, and not I, who is misinformed. The Nigerian government rightly rejected the suggestion of a British base. The arrangement which dealt with 'overflying' by British planes in no way impairs Nigerian sovereignty and can be scrapped, at any time, by the Nigerian government. As to Mr Stallard, his position is in no way comparable with that of a colonial Chief Secretary. Nigeria is now ruled by democratically chosen politicians, not British civil servants. If there were a head of the civil service (which there is not) he would be the permanent under-secretary to the Treasury. Mr Stallard is Abubakar's private secretary. Of course Nigerians rightly want Nigerians in confidential posts. My point was that they ought not to be obsessed with what is now a secondary problem. – Ed., *NS.*]

ST PAUL AND WOMEN

SIR, – Canon Alfred Jowett is very cross with me for describing St Paul as anti-feminine, anti-body and anti-sex in his teachings. He calls me 'uninstructed' and 'inaccurate'. He also scolds me for misunderstanding the Articles of Religion. May I encroach further upon your space to repeat my statement and to support it from St Paul's own words? We can then leave it to your readers to decide which of the two of us is being inaccurate.

In *I Corinthians*, 7, St Paul wrote: 'I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, It is good for them if they abide even as I' [that is celibate]. 'But if they cannot contain, let them marry: for it is better to marry than to burn.' These words make it plain that St Paul regarded celibacy as a state of superior grace, and marriage as an inferior condition. Why should he feel this if he did not consider sex and sensual pleasure as degrading to a man? St Paul makes sure there shall be no mistake by repeating the warning, in the same chapter, when he is writing about a man's 'virgin': 'he that giveth her in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better.' Nowhere is there any suggestion that sensual pleasure can be good in itself, and creative in its impact on personality.

What of the position of woman within marriage? St Paul gives it us in *Ephesians*, 5: 'As the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything.' To paraphrase the position of St Paul: 'To want to marry is a failure of the will but, if you are weak and have to, do; and, if you do, love your wives as beings who are as much subject to you as the Church is subject to Christ.' Isn't that a fair presentation? And isn't that, by modern standards, anti-feminine, anti-body and anti-sex?

Canon Jowett is also curiously unobservant when he writes about the Articles of Religion. He says that the Articles do not refer 'to sexual desire in particular'. Article IX, which is about 'Original or Birth-sin', refers specifically to 'sensuality' and 'the desire, of the flesh' and concludes: 'concupiscence and lust hath of itself the nature of sin.'

May I add that I did not say that 'a positive, joyous, guilt-free but responsible attitude' to sex was 'easy to attain'? I said that it was necessary to attain it in place of the prevailing widespread furtiveness and double-talk about sex. My experience is that young people respond much better to the challenge of such an attitude than to the old taboos. Is Canon Jowett entirely sure that his attitude *does* show 'realism' and mine not?

JAMES HEMMING

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Teddington

POLES AND GERMANS

SIR, – The problem discussed by Mr Mander cannot be considered in the terms of 1945. He would be well advised to put his boots on and tramp around the Polish countryside. He could also run his eyes over the population figures in the *Rocznik Statystyczny*. He should then ask himself what is the probable development of a country in which the population is increasing by nearly 500,000 a year. The German argument that the Poles cannot populate the Western Territories is nonsense. The likelihood is that they will overpopulate them. It remains to be seen whether the liberal Socialism admired by Mr Mander can sustain a programme of capital investment to meet the crisis of the enormous birth rate.

If the present migration from the German Democratic Republic to the Federal Republic continues, at some time in the future a case might be made out for the employment of Poles in the Democratic Republic. In other words, Poles may take up residence in Germany and the Oder-Neisse line no longer represent the western limit of the Slavs. It is estimated that the population of Poland in 1975 will be 37,716,000. I am inclined to think that this is a conservative forecast, but it is one which the Germans ought to bear in mind.

R. F. LESLIE

Queen Mary College
Mile End Road, E1

SIR, – Mr Walter J. Zanger, in your issue of 26 November 1960, is distorting the truth by

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declaring that '. . . both the Poles and Germans hated the Jews equally.' The Poles are by nature unable to be as cruel as their traditional enemies the Germans. There were regrettable outbursts of anti-Semitism in pre-war Poland, which cannot be compared with German actions in this field. Polish Catholic elements, which were chiefly responsible for anti-Semitic riots, were punished mercilessly by their fate during the last world war. There were Polish Socialists and Communists who defended the Jews and whose supreme sacrifice redeemed the evil done by Polish Catholics.

There are many statements written by the Jews themselves showing that Polish democrats saved their lives. In the Warsaw ghetto rising, in 1944, many Poles fell, fighting for the Jewish cause. Present day Poland, emancipated from the feudal past, honours her Jewish sons by employing them in the most responsible national posts. If Mr Zanger would consider these facts, he would treat the Poles with more understanding and sympathy.

WILHELM KWATERNIAK

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CLIFF RICHARD

SIR, – Mr Tom Driberg quotes from a radio interview in which Cliff Richard, the rock-and-roll star, claimed: 'I've done everything I could possibly want to do, and possibly that anyone could want to do . . . I got a gold disc . . .' An astonishing remark, Mr Driberg suggests, and perhaps tragic.

Also incomplete. One cannot help wondering how important those dots are to Mr Driberg's case. Recently, in the radio programme 'Frankly Speaking', I asked Cliff Richard what ambition he had left, and he replied: 'There's always ambition professionally: to play different places – to be a top-grade actor'. After talking about his family, house and car, he went on: 'But if anything happened we could still work. There's four children: we could just keep the house going forever'.

At the age of 20, Cliff Richard has reached the very top in his chosen profession, and bought a 'dream-house' for his whole family. He allows himself £15 a week to live on, and banks the rest. He would like to develop into a good actor, but is perfectly prepared to take a more conventional job if the tide should turn.

What's tragic about that, Mr Driberg?

STEVE RACE

Television House, WC2

SAINTS OR SINNERS?

SIR, – Your leader of last week, 'A Society of Saints or Sinners?' contained a sentence of such profound importance that it would be a sin not to emphasise it still more. You say that 'the Tory believes in the intrinsically evil nature of man.' Just think what an immense advantage this confers on the Tories! While all the rest of the world has to spend years and years in nursing disappointments, adjusting its hopes, arriving at the nature of man, the Tory knows this, instinctively, or intrinsically.

As no one ever had any trouble at all with his 'good' traits, but we all labour with the 'bad' ones, to know them in advance is surely the best safeguard and provision for success! It explains too the statement that 'whoever is in office in this country, the Tories are in power.' It gives the reason for the successes of the last 15 years.

Perhaps the only flaw in this is the conclusion you draw. If Socialists are to continue to believe in the saintly nature of man, is not that tantamount to condemning them to a further floundering in the wilderness? If every Socialist is to go through the lengthy process of repeated proof to the contrary before he may take a realistic view, does not that put success on to the third generation? And how do we know that by then they will be fit to grasp that saintliness and sinning go hand in hand?

Tories often stole Labour's thunder; would it not be better advice to take this intrinsic knowledge from the Tories and, armed with it, make some provision for a saintliness of a positively tainted kind?

HEDY SYMONDS

1 Queensdale Road, W11

SCHOOLS IN CEYLON

SIR, – The 'facts' which Mr R. Siriwardena adduces to justify the schools take-over in Ceylon (NEW STATESMAN, 3 December) do not possess the objectivity he attributes them. Let us examine the three points he makes in his letter.

(1) It is simply not correct to say that under the present system the state bears the cost of the schools and leaves their administration to the denominational bodies completely. On the contrary in all vital matters such as curricula, standards, the qualifications of teachers, etc., the schools have to conform to rules laid down by the Education Department in order to qualify for the state grant. There is a government inspectorate to supervise these schools. If it is simply the implementation of any given educational policy that the government requires it can do so through the existing machinery.

(2) It is true that the rural areas lack sufficient schools. But the towns are by no means adequately provided with them, and many applicants are denied admission due to lack of accommodation. The immediate task of the government is to provide large-scale educational facilities, and this would require diverting scarce resources from other developmental uses. It is difficult to see how the government can do this more efficiently when it has to undertake a greater financial and administrative burden even with respect to the existing schools.

(3) Admission to denominational schools is not at present exclusively on a religious basis, and children of all religions attend these schools. Besides the government itself does not accept the principle of secular education and religious instruction is still to be provided.

There is no doubt that the educational system has to be changed to fit the needs of an independent society. The objection to present legislation is that it lacks the very thing it is supposed to contain – viz. a national educational policy.

M. JAYASUNDERA

7 Clarendon Place, W2

HIRED TO KILL

SIR, – In his favourable notice of Mr John Morris' autobiography Mr Worsley makes no reference to one very important passage: the passage where, quietly but clearly, the author describes his own emotional and physical make up, and the incident that revealed it to him. It must have required unusual honesty and courage to write such a passage, and here is one of the reasons why the book ought to have received more attention that it has hitherto had in the press.

E. M. FORSTER

Reform Club, SW1

OXFORD PLANNING

SIR, – The only sensible way of dealing with places like central Oxford is by stopping all car traffic except, presumably, under special licence for Heads of Colleges and Senior Fellows (poor darlings, they could do with a few privileges). If it were also possible to stop aeroplane traffic above Oxford, another point would be gained; Wonder-Mac could take that up in Washington.

Precincts without car or lorry traffic have been made in various towns in Italy and France, much to the benefit of local shop-keepers – I can't bear shopping in the High now – and if Oxford could only follow Coventry on a rather larger scale, there is just a chance that we might do the same in parts of Edinburgh before our loveliest buildings are thrown down and turned into car parks.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Carradale

MORE ABOUT TUCHOLSKY

SIR, – I was overhasty in suggesting in my last week's letter that all journalistic reputations fade quickly. Some, evidently, merely do not travel. Exhausted by the struggle against Nazism, Kurt Tucholsky died in exile in 1935, but his polemical prose and verse and travel sketches of the Twenties have recently been reissued by his friend and publisher Rowohlt as paperbacks, and with enormous success. The collection *Between Yesterday and Today*, which contains the sketch *Der Mensch* adapted by Mr Logue, has alone sold close to half a million copies. A reason for the revived popularity of this humane and witty anti-Nazi writer is, I am told, that 'the latest generation of young Germans feel that Kurt Tucholsky speaks to them in their own language.' This is encouraging news to come from West Germany.

T. R. FYVEL

5 Cambridge Gate, NW1

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Chaos in the Congo

RITCHIE CALDER

With the Congo once more baffling the Security Council, we publish this important background report. Professor Calder has just returned from an extended fact-finding mission as a consultant for the United Nations and the World Health Organisation.

In the Congo, Atomic-age Man and Stone-age Man are contemporaries. One afternoon in Leopoldville, the Catholic rector of Lovanium University, dressed in a white cassock but endowed with the authority of an eminent physicist who had worked for the US Atomic Energy Commission, showed me the only nuclear reactor in Africa. It was being guarded by Moorish soldiers of the UN Force. Twenty-four hours later, in Kasai, I was shaking hands with a friendly, but shattered member of a cannibal tribe; his jungle-war wounds were treated with the latest antibiotics by a Norwegian Red Cross surgeon.

On the day when, in the Cold War climate of New York, Krushchev was demanding Dag Hammarskjold's resignation, I was being arrested by the uncouth soldiery of the Congolese National Army which, ill-officered, unpaid, unfed and undisciplined, roams the country like the broken bands which terrorised medieval Europe. The immaculate business man in fear-beset Luluabourg was the representative of Forminière, the international forest and mining corporation; he was anxious about his diamond mines (80 per cent of the world's industrial diamonds), and about his Balubas, who were his 'white-collared' staff and best mineworkers. But the Balubas had now reverted to tribal war and with spears, poisoned arrows, and (a modern refinement) bicycle chains were taking ugly vengeance on the Luluas. And *vice versa*.

The grim truth was that the Congo, with its fabulous resources, and its advanced development under Belgian rule, was left bankrupt and paralysed by 'independence'. Even if law and order had been maintained, the Congolese would have been faced with serious economic, social, political and administrative problems. If events had not led to the call to the Security Council to intervene, the Congolese would still have needed massive international aid, out of all proportion to anything which UN Technical Assistance has yet provided anywhere. For, as a deliberate and consistent policy, Belgium prevented any Congolese from acquiring any comprehensive experience by which he could replace the Belgian key men.

There were only 17 graduates in the whole of the Congo, in a country 11 times the size of Britain with a population of 13.5 million. There was not one Congolese medical graduate, but there were 761 European doctors – a creditable doctor/population ratio of one to 18,000. There were many Congolese technicians – medical assistants, laboratory assistants, clerks, and mechanics – well educated to secondary level and apprentice-trained for their restricted functions. But, while the Belgians ruled the Congo, they could never by length of service, by ability or by extended training aspire to any position of executive responsibility or authority.

True, the University of Lovanium, founded seven years ago, had, to the enduring credit of the parent University of Louvain, been opened to Africans in the face of government opposition. The Ministry for the Congo opposed their admission to the faculties of medicine or law as well as the setting up of faculties other than those with strict practical purposes such as agricultural engineering. And some of the big business concerns were beginning to realise that, politics apart, they had better make use of talents and abilities which could no longer be ignored. 'If we had known what was coming', said an official of Union Minière, 'we should have started doing this five years ago'. He referred to the UN scheme for taking trained Congolese and 'topping them up' into qualified executives and graduates, by in-training, by special university courses in the Congo or by sending them abroad.

'If we had known...' How long would it have taken to make the Congolese capable of confidently taking over the affairs of their country? 'Fifty years', said one unrepentant Belgian. Another said 'Fifteen'. A third said 'Five'. Mr Robert Gardiner, the Ghanaian Deputy Secretary-General of the Economic Commission for Africa, sent post-haste by the UN to the Congo to help to organise an administration out of nothing, says that, given a relaxation of present tensions and given responsible politicians, Congo can become both a well-governed and the most prosperous African state within ten years.

This possibility exists, it is fair to add, for the very reasons for which Belgians are now being criticised. There has been an excellent, almost universal primary school system, with at least 1.5 million places. There has been a good secondary and technical school system, residential to a large extent, which was being extended. Though comparatively few pupils survived to the top of these schools, the ground-work was substantial, and there is good resulting material to 'top-up'. There are, for instance, the *assistants-medicaux*, non-graduate medical personnel with ten years schooling, six years of it theoretical, practical training under a doctor and three years interneship. The World Health Organisation estimates that, with such an apprenticeship, they ought to make qualified doctors after three years in university medical schools. It has, accordingly, already sent over 60 of them to Europe.

'If we had known...' When did they know? Though the Belgians just quit, without even a pretence at a systematic hand-over, they had made preparations for one aspect of evacuation. For a year before independence, they were transferring material power to Brussels. They removed the gold-reserve of the Congo, saying that it was needed to underwrite the pensions and compensation of displaced Belgians. Funds for the wages of Congolese workers in certain public utilities were also taken out of the country, and money for payment of public services was blocked in Belgian banks. The clearing-house for all export-import transactions was effectively in Belgium. Thus, before independence, the Congo treasury had lost most of its liquid assets.

In 1957 those assets stood at over 10,000 million francs, or over £70m; by the end of 1959 they had declined to 500 million francs, about £3.5m. The Central Bank had previously held Congo money to the tune of 5,000 million francs, but by Independence Day in July 1960, the new government found

United Nations

'The ultimate problem of the Congo is not food but nutrition'. But officials such as Dr Ganzin, an FAO expert, must first cope with the basic emergency itself.

itself owing the Belgian-controlled bank over 2,000 million francs. This is a strange-looking ledger for a country whose annual exports were worth about 139,000 million francs. Note that all these transactions took place before the disturbances.

As to these disturbances, I was not there and I do not minimise their severity; but I did not see a broken window, a pillaged shop, or a burned building in Leopoldville. The Congo certainly did not 'go up in flames'. Luluabourg, that danger-centre in Kasai, was similarly unscathed. In the elegant European quarter, with its boulevards and luxury hotels, the Belgian villas, except those of the Governor and his officials which had been taken over for members of the new government, were unharmed. The same was true of the other capitals. The only wrecked or burned homes which I saw were in the villages and Congolese quarters – destroyed by the tribes or by the troops of the various factions.

The mutiny of the Force Publique was the cause of the panic which sent Belgians pouring across the Congo River and over the border into Rhodesia. A curious body this Force Publique. I asked in the Congo why its Belgian officers were the first to bolt. The answer I got was: 'What would a lion-tamer do, if the lion he'd trained to snarl turned really nasty?' It was a body of 20,000 men, separate from the *gendarmerie* and the police, recruited from all over the country. Its officers were white (so that after the mutiny Congolese corporals became self-appointed colonels) and its function in the hinterland, at least, was government-on-the-cheap. If a village did not pay its taxes, the Force Publique would go in and teach it better. That was the force (now called the Congolese National Army) whose mutiny spread the panic. There can be no doubt that some rumours of terrorist attacks were deliberately spread. Who then profited from such provocation?

The answer came when Belgian paratroopers, angered by accounts of the raping of nuns and officers' wives and of other ugly incidents, were flown in. They were scattered throughout the country. The panic which the Force Publique had spread among the whites, was spread by the Belgian shock-troops among the blacks. Everywhere now there is fear and hatred of the paratroopers; this fear is the pretext for the searches of white homes and indiscriminate arrests. The Tunisians of the International Telecommunications Union were arrested as 'paratroopers'. In the same city, Stanleyville in the heart of the Congo, Max Wilde of the World Health Organisation and myself were arrested and taken to the army camp because, through no fault of ours we had been air-routed to Stanleyville by way of Usumbura, which is in Ruanda-Urundi and still under Belgian trusteeship. We must, therefore, be 'paratroopers'.

After the Belgians Left

To restore law and order and ensure that Belgian forces withdrew, the UN Force was sent in. By the end of October, it consisted of 18,500 men from 29 nations. But this is the equivalent of only 22 battalions, quite inadequate for its duties in the deliberately provoked troubles of, say, Kasai and Katanga. That provocation had the connivance, or worse, of one member-state of the United Nations – Belgium.

The most bitter remark which I heard in the Congo was just three words, from the lips of a Belgian nun: 'They left us'. *They* were the Belgian doctors, and *us* were five nuns and 775 victims of leprosy. She, herself, had been cudgelled by a patient who felt he was being neglected, but that she forgave.

This was in the biggest leprosarium in Equateur, the province where 45 out of every 1,000 of the population has this disease. It is over 1,000 acres in area with hospital buildings, schools and cottage homes for the 400 men and 300 women, as well as 200 healthy children. The gates of this colony are unbarred and its inhabitants live, in families with their children, a life as near normal as possible. With modern drugs and modern surgery, most of them could be cured and restored – except those whom the benign Sister Amanda called *'les malheureux'*, who with ruined muscles and distorted limbs lay around like broken dolls or crawled like crippled animals.

Without surgery others would become as hopeless. But the surgical block, with the world's finest instruments for the surgery of bone, nerve and sinew, was locked. Patients were squatting outside, but the surgeon who could have treated them was thousands of miles away. Through the open gates, active cases of leprosy were drifting away to their villages, because food was running short. But Sister Amanda's problem was those restored to health, who, like the patient who hit her, resented having their rations cut. The best that the Canadian Red Cross doctor, who replaced the Belgian medical staff, could do was to medicate and mediate. He, Dr Phil Edwards, a Negro doctor from Montreal, and the other doctor and two nurses of the Red Cross team were overworked, sharing their working hours between the hospitals, the district dispensaries and the leprosaria.

When the United Nations was called in, Dr M. G. Candau, the Director-General of the World Health Organisation, with senior members of his staff, flew immediately to the Congo to survey the medical situation, with all its hazards. It was forbidding. Over 40 per cent of the European doctors had gone. So had all the *agents sanitaires*, the Belgian leaders of the Congolese health teams in the preventive services. The nursing situation was not too bad. The nursing sisters, mainly *religeuses* and the *infirmiers* (the Congolese male nurses) and the male and female orderlies had remained at their posts. With a disruption of communications, it was difficult to get trustworthy information about the remote districts, but it seemed clear that the medical missionaries and the doctors of the plantations and other companies were carrying on. One of the most serious aspects was the imminent collapse of disease-control and of the sanitary services. Here was the threat of pestilence.

Dr Candau acted immediately. From all over the world he summoned staff personnel of the WHO. Those were deployed all over the Congo to take over hospitals and forsaken medical institutions. But while it was essential to underpin the extensive (and creditable) Belgian clinical services, the crisis lay in the preventive services.

Two of many illustrations from my own experience illustrate the point. In Luluabourg, in Kasai, the street refuse had not been collected since three months before independence. The filth was piled roof-high in the Congolese quarters and the cesspools of the elegant European villas (there was no communal drainage) were stinking to high heaven. The Congolese, whose water supply in their five communes had long before been cut off by the Belgians, were bathing, laundering and getting their drinking supplies in the creek. When I saw them, hundreds were engaged in their ablutions, with all their tropical sores and diseases, in water which was diverted over a weir into the water-works which supplied the European town. At the first filter stage it produced a scum as thick and dark as molasses.

Stopping the Plague

To treat this sewage there was only a Congolese staff. The 'only' is not derogatory; the Congolese laboratory assistant was highly qualified in bacteriological testing; the man in charge of the chemical treatment was equally to be trusted. But the Belgians who had given the instructions had gone, and as in every other technical job in the Congo, the assistants had not been allowed to know how their work inter-related. Fortunately, when the Belgians left the bacterial count had been high, and so also the prescribed quantity of purifying chemicals. The Congolese whose job it was to add those chemicals had gone on carrying out his last instructions. If, to economise in the chemicals which were growing scarce, he had modified the treatment, there might have been a pestilence.

Mr Arnold Wilson, a Haitian public health engineer, arrived in the nick of time. He took charge of the purification plant, organised a do-it-yourself week, in which the Africans combined to shift the refuse; and, finding a store of DDT, he organised spraying-squads to control the malaria which was threatening the town.

The second example makes the same point. WHO mobile health teams, mainly of Frenchmen, moved into districts where bubonic plague, smallpox, yellow fever and sleeping sickness (all had been competently controlled by the Belgians) were gaining ground. Dr Varieras, a young Frenchman, averted the

George Seferis

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BODLEY HEAD

spread of bubonic plague. Alarming reports were received in Leopoldville about an outbreak in Bunia, one of the endemic plague areas in the world. The Belgians had maintained a pretty thorough preventive service to stop the plague from escaping from the locality, even manufacturing the vaccine on the spot. When they left, this service came to a standstill; once again no Congolese had been trained beyond routine duties. Dr Varieras had to manufacture his own vaccine and publicly inoculate himself with it to prove to the people that it was safe. He had personally to trace the contacts of fatal cases and to train Congolese to examine every dead person and every dead rat for evidence of it. He had to organise and instruct leaders of disinfestation teams to kill off the fleas and the rats. By such forthright measures he curtailed and localised the plague.

This, and many other incidents, convinced the WHO that exceptional steps must be taken. They were 'exceptional' in UN terms because the principle of Technical Assistance requires that experts must be asked for, and accepted by, the responsible departments of member states. But the threatened diseases were not just a matter for the Congo; and WHO, with the consent of the UN, recruited immediately 130 international medical personnel, guaranteeing their salaries and terms of service. It has also made arrangements to provide professors and instructors, so that the Congolese medical colleges can secure an immediate increase in intake, and sent other students to Europe. By such means the Congo may itself provide about 500 qualified physicians by 1970 – still over 600 short of the number required to maintain the level of medical services which prevailed before the Belgians left. Foreign doctors will be needed in the Congo in considerable numbers for perhaps 15 to 20 years more.

The UN was criticised when it temporarily closed the airports and put the Leopoldville radio station out of bounds. This was a political move, in the interest of law and order. But before that air and radio communications had been more drastically and perilously interrupted.

Moment of Breakdown

The management of the country depended on those services. Historically, transport in the Congo was based upon the giant river itself, which, in its circuit of the heart of Africa, crosses the Equator twice. It is the main artery of a country which has 8,750 miles of navigable water. Railways were introduced only where necessary to by-pass rapids, and the road system is insignificant in relation to the vast territory. In recent times, therefore, much depended on the air system, a Belgian monopoly. And since Belgian colonial government, public utilities and commercial enterprises were centrally controlled from Leopoldville, telecommunications, telephones, telegraphs and radio were a vital nerve-system. If the system broke down, the country would be paralysed.

Paralysis in fact followed evacuation. The Belgian professionals and technicians abandoned the weather bureaux, the flight control towers, the transmitters and the exchanges. Congolese assistants took over, nominally as directors. But there were no African forecasters, nor flight-controllers, nor anyone technically qualified to run the telephone, telegraph and radio centres.

The Belgians had done a good technical job. There was a comprehensive system of meteorological observation posts and forecasting centres, linked by telecommunications. Congolese were trained as competent and trustworthy observers and as plotters; but no Congolese, up to the time of independence, had been permitted to train as a forecaster. When the key Belgians went, that important weather area of Equatorial Africa became a blank space on the world's meteorological charts. This was not just a matter for the Congo, although it made flying into, and within, the country perilous or sometimes impossible. It was also a hazard to international airlines.

The World Meteorological Organisation acted at once. Under Mr R. du Chaxel, a team of French meteorologists went in. They met both technical and administrative difficulties, which had to be overcome by tact. Former clerks were now directors of bureaux; and, with a patience which I saw demonstrated, they had to be helped without being reminded of their limitations. While they were actually doing the forecasts and trying to 'reactivate' observation posts cut off by bad communications, the WHO experts were coaching their Congolese colleagues. Of 61 Belgian meteorologists, only ten had stayed on, and most of them are on their way out. At least 50 qualified weather-men will have to be recruited to provide, while the Congolese are being trained, a sure weather service. Meanwhile weather charts, at least for the western region, are being flown in each day from Brazzaville.

The International Civil Aviation Organisation sent in a team under Mr J. P. Fournier, a Canadian, to man the air-traffic controls, using controllers from Canada, France, the UAR and Tunisia. They have got the airports working again, but it is the Congolese who

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Today paper manufacture and conversion ranks as the sixth-largest industry in Britain. Each one of us uses, on average, 180 pounds of paper and paper products every year.

This article assesses paper's industrial potential related to the ever-growing diversity of tasks it performs. It describes its conventional role purely as paper; its role as the successful partner of other materials; and a newer, fascinatingly unexpected role in which it loses its identity as paper.

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Paper has been used to communicate and record information ever since the days of the Pharaohs. But its widespread use in industry dates from the time when mechanical production made its manufacture cheap.

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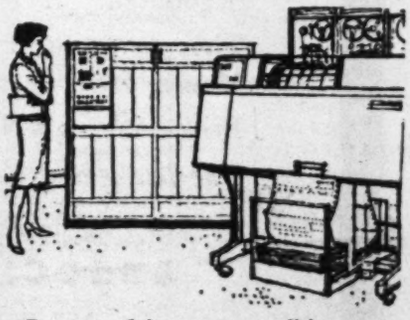
Just what are the qualities which are enabling paper so successfully to perform these tasks? And do these qualities, allied to paper's threefold personality, give promise of an even greater industrial future?

PAPER AS PAPER

In the industrial sphere, as throughout the whole of modern society, paper and board products have become indispensable for performing a host of everyday jobs—communicating, labelling, invoicing, promoting, packaging and protecting. As industry grows, so paper in these familiar roles is growing in parallel. All the conventional jobs still need doing, but on an ever-bigger and more complex scale.

To meet these needs, great technical advances have been made by Britain's paper industry. Paper's virtues of versatility, strength, lightness and low cost are being increasingly exploited to develop ever-better products for industrial packaging and printing.



Because of these same qualities, paper has adapted itself ideally to new methods such as electronic computing and mechanical accounting. Reed marketing experts forecast that, as these new tech-

niques continue to grow, demand for specialised paper and board products will increase still further.

PAPER AS PARTNER

Paper today is no less vital to industry in its second major role: that of partner to other materials.

Here, too, paper's versatility and infinite variability enable it to adapt itself to widely differing functions, ranging from the most strenuous to the most sensitive. For example, tougher grades enable us to have rugged abrasives such as quartz, emery, sand or glass papers. These provide modern industry with vital tools for its grinding and polishing. Likewise, photographic prints and engineer's blue-prints represent team-work between specialised papers and the light-sensitive chemicals with which they are coated.

Other partnerships are at work everywhere: products such as bitumen-laminated papers, carbon papers, litmus papers, the transfers used to apply decoration to china and earthenware, to quote only a few. No doubt there will be many more. Paper's potential for combination seems virtually unlimited.

WHEN PAPER CEASES TO BE PAPER

The third facet of paper's industrial potential is fascinating and totally unexpected. Paper may be combined with other substances in such a way as to change its whole character. To the layman's eye, it virtually loses its identity as paper!

Research by the paper industry has led to the development of many of these hybrid, paper-based materials. While retaining paper's inherent virtues of lightness and low cost, they also reveal properties not normally associated with paper — considerable strength, for instance.

PAPER FOR PIPING. Paper-based piping, which is not only immensely strong but completely impermeable to moisture, is a notable example. Known as pitch-fibre pipe, this paper product is succeeding on merit alone. It has no price advantage over conventional materials. It attracts customers because it is light, for easier transport and laying; because it is resilient, for greater resistance to damage; and because it is jointed without cement, to allow laying in all weathers.

Pitch-fibre pipe was first marketed in this country by a Reed Paper Group company. Statistics show that it is gaining a worthwhile share of the market, not only for drainage but as buried electrical conduit.

WALLS OF PAPER. This new, surprising aspect of paper's versatility is also proving of increasing value to the building industry. Important, though unspectacular, products such as building board and roofing felt have been in universal use for some time. But nowadays the Reed Paper Group contributes something much more revolutionary. Laminated plastic, already commonplace on our kitchen equipment, is now being used to fabricate exterior walls and interior partitioning.

Consisting of layer upon layer of stout paper bonded with synthetic resin, laminated plastic panels form the surface of both "curtain walling" and interior partitioning. In prefabricated units, they are enclosed in a light metal framework. These are then attached directly to a building's steel or concrete skeleton, thus enabling modern architects to dispense with conventional weight-bearing walls.

Laminated plastic is a striking example of the rigidity and permanence of paper in its new role. It saves time and money, is completely weatherproof, and is ideally suited to the spirit and techniques of modern architecture. For all these reasons, it is fast growing in favour, particularly for schools, flats and office blocks.

NEW CONQUESTS AHEAD

Will paper go on finding new tasks to perform? The Reed Paper Group is confident that the answer is "yes". Paper's infinite versatility, its capacity for progressive technological development, must surely give promise of an even greater industrial future.

To this end, the Group's entire resources are harnessed. With interests embracing every aspect of paper making and conversion, Reed are laying maximum stress upon forward thinking. For example, the Group's Technical Division is carrying out constant research to devise new industrial uses for paper. Likewise, the Group's Economic Research Department intensively studies economic and industrial developments and their bearing on paper.

This flexible, far-sighted thinking is shown in all the Group's activities at every level–product marketing, machine and production planning, management selection and personnel training. Everywhere there is an alert awareness of the nation's growing and changing needs. The Reed Paper Group is determined to meet these needs by realistic forward planning *now*.

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are nominally in charge of the control towers and who, formally, talk-down the aircraft.

Communications form by far the biggest unit in the United Nations civilian operations team. The international telecommunications personnel, under M. Henri Challet, include Swiss, Germans, Ethiopians, and Tunisians, covering the whole range of expert jobs from carrier waves to teletypes. They have to. The network was not only abandoned but, in certain instances, deliberately sabotaged.

In these services, again, the Congolese were trained only for the routine jobs which the Belgians wanted them to do. I had an example of this in Kivu Province. The telephone exchange at Kabare, an important place in the mountains, had been out of commission for two days. The news was brought by road. With two Swiss experts and a Congolese whom they were training, I drove into the mountains. One Swiss expert walked over to the instrument rack, undid the cover, and swore. He told the Congolese with us to try to trace the fault. With a bit of prompting he found it. It was a simple fuse. But no one at that telephone station had been taught how to detect a faulty fuse.

Surface communications were equally in chaos. The port of Matadi, the railways, the river boats and the road transport were at a standstill. The United Nations sent in Lieutenant-General R. A. Wheeler, the American who cleared the Suez Canal, to clear up this mess. He got the services working again to such effect that within two months the exports of the Congo were only one-fifth less than in the year before independence.

The main difficulties still lie in getting goods from depots to consumer areas within the Congo itself. In the Bakwanga district of Kasai, UN relief supplies for the 200,000 refugees from the tribal upheavals are constantly disrupted by lack of transport. This is, in part, due to the disturbances, in part to failures in Congolese administration, and in part to African suspicion that a new set of foreigners is trying to take over jobs which Congolese have earmarked for themselves.

Nigel Heseltine of FAO and myself, without any escort, drove out of Coquilhatville, into the rain-forest and swamps of Equateur. We were well marked with UN insignia but, if we were to run into some of the roving bands of the Congolese army, our signs might have been a provocation rather than protection. There was no need to worry. On several occasions, tall Africans wearing Davy Crockett hats of monkey-skins, white cosmetics and jungle G-strings came loping out of the swamp waving spears but when they saw us they turned the hafts, instead of the points, towards us as a friendly sign. As for the CNA, the only ones we met on that sortie were preparing to billet themselves in a modern research station. They were curious about the instruments and were sniffing the alcohol in which specimens were pickled.

Agriculture, some say, runs down slowly – at least rescuing it is not a 'fire-brigade' operation, like fighting plague. That is only partly true. I saw the Baluba refugees pouring along the roads of Kasai with monstrous baskets on the women's heads. They had abandoned their holdings and had taken, and were consuming as food, the germ-seeds and roots they should then have been sowing. By February there will be famine in Kasai. And there are plant and animal pestilences as well.

Heseltine was investigating the many reports of abandoned plantations. As soon as it was known that the UN was providing grace-money to avert or relieve unemployment, friends of Europeans who had been 'forced to leave their plantations' helpfully suggested caretaker grants. After all, think of the Congolese plantation workers! I do not say that there are no abandoned plantations, but all the cases which had up till then been investigated by Heseltine (and those which I visited myself) were, curiously enough, robusta coffee, which happens to be a drug on the market. Arabica coffee, no. Tea, no. Palm-oil and rubber, certainly not. Wherever there was a paying crop, the plantations were well supervised.

Yet the search had to go on, not just for unemployment relief but because neglected coffee-plantations are liable to become plant plague centres, from which insect and virus diseases can spread. Moreover, we saw herds of specially bred tsetse-resistant cattle whose European owners had gone. They were being tended by Congolese but, with no veterinary service left, the chances of their becoming disease-infected was considerable.

Apart from relief-feeding, which Mr Maurice Pate of Unicef launched from the very outset, and which is a big enough problem in terms of distribution, the Congo need never be hungry. It is almost as immense as India, which has a population creeping up to 400 million compared with Congo's 13 million. There is abundant cultivable land. The Belgians did one thing which was wise. They encouraged *paysannats* in which the jungle people were taught to practise settled cultivation instead of the shifting cultivation which indiscriminately destroyed the forest. They gave instructions, provided *moniteurs* to see that they were carried out and then marketed the products for them – a sort of share-cropping. But they did not encourage the jungle people to have any say – a co-operative, for instance – in the disposal. So when the Belgians went, in some parts the *paysannats* did not know how to market their yields. The Congolese *moniteurs* found that the people would no longer take instructions and obey the drill. 'Freedom' for many Congolese meant that they were free *not* to answer censuses, free *not* to be vaccinated, free *not* to take orders, free to revert to old habits.

One thing seems obvious. The ultimate problem of the Congo is not food but nutrition. The staple diet for most is manioc which, though belly-filling as swelling tapioca would be, is about as nutritious as laundry-starch. There is too little high protein and vitamins in the diet so that diseases like kwashiorker, osteomalacia and rickets can flourish in a sun-drenched country which is potentially food-rich.

Rough Justice

The escape from rough treatment and imprisonment which Max Wilde and I had when we were grabbed by the Congolese army, gave me an urgent personal interest in what had happened to justice in the Congo. If an Ethiopian officer of the UN Force had not turned up at a propitious moment, we could have disappeared as anonymously as the victims of *lettres de cachet* vanished into the Bastille.

It happens all the time. The army, *gendarmerie* or police arrest people indiscriminately – even their own officers and politicians, who, if warned, invariably seek the UN protection which they revile. I found that the jails of Stanleyville were in the control of those self-same CNA who arrested me. I tried to get in (as a visitor) and might have succeeded but the CNA started to arrest some politicians, and the Ethiopians who were arranging to get me in were otherwise engaged getting them out.

Instead I sought to go to a criminal court. There were none sitting. I then investigated the judicature. It was a shameful story. In July, all the magistrates of Oriental Province, with two exceptions, had bolted, leaving the acquittals of innocent people and the sentences of dangerous criminals unsigned. People who were merely under suspicion, waiting the inquiry of the examining magistrates, are still in gaol. Murderers, rapists, and felons are at large. The lawyers who had remained, including non-Belgian Europeans, were asked to form benches of judges. They agreed, leaving a few to appear as advocates. But their numbers were too small. The *Procureur d'Etat*, a Greek who is one of the volunteers, who was supposed to examine all accused and decide on the case against them, had one assistant, instead of the 14 at work under the Belgians. He had appointed some Congolese 'deputies' to inquire into lesser crimes, but most of the time he had no idea who had been arrested and could not investigate the charges if he did. Instead of 25 judges, the volunteers provided a bench of five, to handle the criminal and civil cases (I saw civil suits being dealt with at one-a-minute). For their pains, the volunteers were denounced as 'unethical' by the fugitive magistrates assembled in Brussels. Law brought into such contempt quickly loses all its authority.

At the same time, the *gendarmerie*, the civil police and the judicial police (CID) found themselves unpaid (because civil funds were in pawn) and law-enforcement besmirched by the irresponsible actions of the CNA. Once a well-disciplined force, they soon became dis-

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gruntled. Crimes, even murders, were ignored. They did not even protect the innocent. The jails filled, or, at a whim, criminals were released. The UN troops, there to interpose, found themselves replacing the Congolese police and, instructed not to take sides in the polygon of Congolese politics, found themselves accused, by British correspondents as well as Congolese politicoes, of (a) not intervening or (b) intervening.

In this situation the efforts of Mr Jacques Grossen, the Swiss juridical consultant in UNOC (UN Operation in the Congo), were frustrated to the point of desperation by the remaining Belgians. Justice was in ruins. There were no human rights. Of the 400 lawyers of the Belgian Congo courts not more than 20 remained. There are no Congolese lawyers. Two Congolese students may receive their law degree in a year's time, and only four more will graduate from the Lovanium Law Faculty in 1962. One of these is the Commissioner-General for Justice, in the *College des universitaires* which took over the running of the Ministries. He, like the other undergraduate commissioners, arrived with the Belgian professors who will be responsible for deciding his degree, and who meanwhile proceeded to run the Ministry of Justice.

There must, in plain common-sense, be a recruitment of international jurists, French-speaking, Code Napoleon lawyers, vouched for by some responsible body like the International Commission of Jurists. They must form the courts and, as an immediate measure, set up a travelling assize to clear up the defaults of justice throughout the country. Yet, on the contrary, there is an attempt, concerted between the Belgians in the Ministry of Justice and the authorities in Brussels, to reinstate 122 magistrates formerly in the Congo. Apart from the affront to justice, I predict that, in some parts of the country where I have been, if those magistrates return, there will be riots. If, however, the UN must defer to the conventions of ministerial sanction and is unable to get authority for the recruitment of international replacements, the Belgians will certainly come back.

When I asked the Belgian rector of the residential secondary school how he rated his Congolese students, he said: 'When I was sent to the Congo by my Order ten years ago, I was told that they were savages and imbeciles. I began on that self-martyring assumption. I found they were not. Then I was told that I must not educate them in *les droits* because some would become politicians. Then I was told that I must not give them free choice of subjects because they would all become politicians. I did just those things. Of 23 boys, who all came out of the bush, 15 opted for the sciences when they went to the university. Three, by any intellectual standards in the world, are brilliant.'

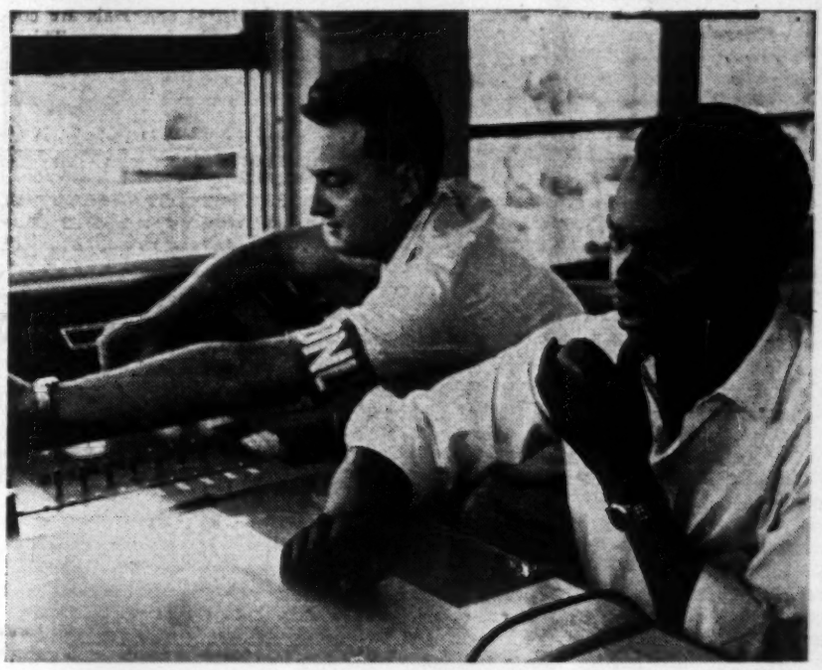
This, and my own experience in discussion with ministers, civil servants, Congolese teachers and others, is extremely hopeful. The ministers and others may be very immature, administratively inexperienced, and fickle, but they are far from unintelligent. (This is the old trouble of confusing ignorance with lack of intelligence.) Like the youngsters walking miles to school through the bush, they are eminently teachable. It is not easy to be patient, but there is nothing in the present situation in the Congo which experience and wise guidance will not cure.

The Congo, politically, is like a boy of 15 who has inherited a vast business from which the board of directors, and the managers and the ledger-keepers have quit without even a proper hand-over; who finds the safe practically empty and the wages unpaid; who does not know how, or where, the goods are sold or how to collect his dues; and who is beset by all kinds of conflicting advice. He is not a Ward-in-Chancery and his guardian (who must not be called a guardian) has no effective powers and can give only advice, which is at least disinterested, and offer to provide the experts to help him run the business.

The analogy has certainly a meaning for Unesco, which, while UNOC is wrestling with one generation of inexperience, has to help provide the basis for maturity and for more educated people in the next. Like the other agencies and sections in UN Operations in the Congo, the present situation is bedevilling the future. Unesco needs power of initiative.

When independence came, the schools were on vacation and 1,500 Belgian teachers were on home-leave. They had not quit, and it was difficult for Unesco to predict how many would want to come back or would be acceptable if they did. (By and large, there was no noticeable hostility to the idea of Belgian teachers when I discussed this in the provinces.) Time went by and the situation was not satisfactorily resolved. The primary schools, involving about 1.5 million children, got going, but the opening of secondary schools dragged.

In the middle of October an agreement was reached for the recruitment of 500 foreign teachers to fill the gaps in secondary, technical and normal schools. This would be a UN commitment under Technical Assistance. It was just patching because it was obvious to M. Edmond Sylvain, the Haitian who is senior education consultant in the Congo, and his Unesco colleagues that the needs of the



United Nations

'They had to be helped without being reminded of their limitations'. An expert from the International Civil Aviation Organisation works in the airport at Stanleyville with a Congolese traffic controller. Running the Congo's airports is a major UN task.

United Nations

There is not one Congolese doctor. Yet medical auxiliaries are eminently teachable, and the WHO must help them train to be physicians. An anatomy class in progress.

country demanded a big expansion of the secondary school programme. But the Ministry of Education did not know even how to compile a budget, much less where it would find the money when it did.

As a beginning, arrangements were made for fellowships for 40 Congolese teachers, but the biggest projects were the plans for a re-organisation of the Central Ministry of Education, and for a crash programme to train Congolese secondary and technical school teachers. Another proposal, on which UN itself could take the initiative, is for the conversion of the Belgian air force workshops and training facilities at Kamina Base, into a technical college for the whole of the Congo. The reason why this is easier is because Kamina Base is UN territory.

Irish soldiers were killed in Katanga, interposing between Balubabakat (Balubas of Katanga) tribesmen armed with spears, bows and poisoned arrows, and forces armed and officered by the Belgians. This was an outcome of the demand for the secession of Katanga, one of the richest mining areas with copper (which, in spite of the troubles will have a 50 per cent higher output next year), uranium and other minerals. Such secession would mean the loss of about half the revenue of the central government. To the north, there is another secession movement, in South Kasai, an area which produces 80 per cent of the world's industrial diamonds. Those political demands have a suspicious coincidence with the territories in which Forminière and Union Minière operate. But nothing so obvious could be true in the Congo, where the apparent never seems to be real.

Although it would need a search-warrant, a safe-breaker and a computer to discover and sort out the international ramifications of those two corporations, they are obviously Belgian only by register nowadays. British 'Tanks', Rockefeller, De Beers and others who may lurk in the background are not quite so crude today as the Robber Barons who encouraged the Red Indian wars – with which events in Bas Katanga and South Kasai have a lot in common. Moreover, their long-term interests override the primitive politics of Katanga and Kasai. Their anxiety is about concessions due to expire in 1990. Apart from any question of expropriation, one of the biggest shareholders of Union Minière is the 'Government of Congo'. That, in terms of the constitution which the UN has gone in to maintain, must be the central government and not separatist governments in Katanga or Kasai.

The Role of the Belgians

So, unlike the Belgians of Elizabethville, who ostentatiously get off the footwalks to avoid the shadows of UN officials, or symbolically, and sometimes actually, spit in UN soldiers' beer, the representatives of big business are correct and co-operative in their relations with UNOC.

That makes the general attitude of the Belgians all the more perplexing. The conclusion one reaches is that they are quite naive. They must have thought that while they took the credit for the transfer of nominal power they could retain actual control. They would officer the Force Publique and, by proving themselves indispensable, would be called back to run the government, with Congolese ministers as stooges. The financial and economic control would, as they purposely contrived in the year before independence, be 3,000 miles away in Brussels. But the mutiny of the Force Publique, the maladroit dispatch of the paratroopers, the 'ingratitude' of politicians and, above all, the intervention of the UN to prevent re-colonisation, under any guise, upset such simple-minded calculations.

Now, with the panic of July behind them, they are trying to get back in more devious ways. They have kept their hold on Katanga and they have found means of influencing the Commissioners General, the undergraduates who have taken over the central government ministries. The return is highly organised. The Belgian government makes no bones about that. It has denounced Dag Hammarskjold and Ambassador Dayal, his representative in the Congo, for resisting, as under Security Council directive they must, its new takeover bid. It has refused to conform to the demand that all technical aid to the Congo should be channelled through the UN, which, as a decontamination process, is manifestly best for all parties – and particularly the individual Belgians.

The facts are plain: the Belgians in surrendering the Congo ship-of-state scuttled it. They abandoned the bridge, removed the logs and charts, emptied the bunkers, fouled the propellors, opened the sea-cocks and scrambled for the life-boats.

The United Nations took over a ship adrift, with a mutiny aboard. UNOC has closed the seacocks, applied the pumps and done the caulking and patching. Now it has to train a captain and a crew and, with empty bunkers, try to set it on its voyage of independence. Under Dr Sture Linner, chief of civilian operations, there are less than 200 experts of all kinds for a country 11 times as big as Britain. They need all the help they can get.

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JOHN MANDER

The cruellest of literary blood sports is the Generations Game. Do you play it yourself? Most of us do, without shame or scruple. 'Not quite our generation' is a killing phrase: it can mean anything from not-dry-behind-the-ears to one-foot-in-the-grave, but it always means rejection. The charge which the young prefer, now and traditionally, against the Establishment, is that of exclusiveness. But the English Establishment is compulsively co-optive: it is the young who are exclusive. (Of course, the young need to be exclusive, since the ramparts of the Establishment, manned by the middle-aged, are liable to yield at the first shout and the young to fall flat on their faces. Their exclusiveness is unity in fear of the Great Sponge.) And, as in politics and religion, worse than belonging to the wrong sect or party, is to belong nowhere. No period, surely, can have suffered from such a rage for classification. You are either a writer of the Twenties or the Thirties, or of the Forties or the Fifties. A poet complained to me the other day that the critics always referred to him as a poet of the Forties. He is 36; but he had the misfortune to make his name before the decade of *Lucky Jim* and *Look back in Anger* had dawned. He is branded for life.

Yet compared to the grand simplifications and name-callings of our time – Yid; petit bourgeois; nigger; intellectual; fascist beast – the Generations Game is harmlessness itself. It has killed nobody yet. Nobody, as Mr Larkin has pointed out, 'actually starves'; there is always the British Council, the BBC, or even the COI. Then, too, the Generations Game is undeniably useful. In poetry at least, the dominant styles of the Thirties and of the Forties and Fifties are discrete and definable. In any case, the fruit is cut and bottled now, and the labels stuck on; nothing literary critics may say can scrub them off now. Nor, for that matter, what sociologists or historians may say; Thirties literature and Thirties politics, as Mr Symons demonstrates in his succinct evocation of the decade*, demand to be treated as a single phenomenon. This is a point on which I would take up Mr Symons: his politics are too much literary politics. Before doing so, however, we must agree to play the Generations Game straight. Since Mr Symons declares his interest – he edited *Twentieth Century Verse*, and was not the least talented of a highly gifted group of poets at the time – I feel I should declare mine. If Mr Symons looks back, in ironic retrospection, on a fierce, lived involvement with those years, I must confess to having seen no more of them than could be seen from behind the hood of a high-wheeled pram.

According to the rules of the Game, this should mean that we are not on speaking terms. What can one possibly have to say to any man twice, or half, one's own age? But at this point there are, as it were, family complications. One stands in a tradition. The men of the Thirties, now in middle life, were then, as they are now, the bearers of that tradition. Added, therefore, to the sons' common guilt at the ritual slaying of the father (Thirtyish stuff this), there is a problem of continuity. The New Left has to begin where the Old left off. But the sons' attitude is bound to be ambivalent. On the one hand, they may be inclined to echo Mr Donald Davie's Fiftyish

> The Anschluss, Guernica – all the names
> At which those poems thrilled, or were afraid,
> For me mean schools and schoolmasters and games;
> And in the process someone is betrayed . . .

and they will be quick to use Orwell's stick to beat the 'nancy-poets' with. On the other, they will not care for the flippant tone of Mr Symons's book. This, not so much because Mr Symons makes mock, by implication, of their youthful follies as well as his own, as because the young left-winger does not care to hear his family run down in this heartless, middle-aged way. Let him keep his cynicisms to himself: if he must let the side down – *pas devant les enfants!*

But if Mr Symons is cynical, he is not critical. His cynicism, after all, is of the thigh-slapping, God-what-a-time-that-was variety. We are shown Stephen bearing a sandwich-board (South African sherry? No! Boycott Japanese goods! – the illustrations, by the way, are very good value); we hear of Wystan driving his ambulance, Michael climbing his mountains, Bill mass-observing in Bolton. And we are told of that most significant Thirtyish monster, the Oxford Collective Poem, which was composed, under the inspiration of Charles Madge, by 12 undergraduates in 30 days. But if much of this, as Mr Symons admits, was extremely ridiculous, it was also fun. It was this fun, implies Mr Symons, that redeemed the time.

It is at this point, I think, that the young and angry will be inclined to reach for their Orwell. The cruel things said about Auden's *Spain* in *Inside the Whale* are not so easily disposed of. The Fiftyish image of the Thirties – remember Mr Amis's *Socialism and the Intellectuals* – has passed through Orwell's prism. And, after Orwell, much of the fun seems much less funny. Mr Symons, with his digs at the mean-spiritedness of the Fifties – he has a point here – does not seem to be aware of this. Again, if Orwell's prism is missing, so is that of Dr Leavis. Mr Symons takes the Thirties poets at their own valuation. Yet one irony of the Oxford Collective Poem is that it is really not worse than certain much-anthologised individual poems of the period. The critics seemed to have been in hibernation. Except Dr Leavis. It was partly Dr Leavis's refusal to be steam-rollered by the 'poetic renaissance' of the Thirties, that led the Fifties to listen to him with such respect.

Certainly, Dr Leavis may be said to go too far in his rejection of the Thirties. But his basic contention is just: compared to the two immediately preceding decades, the Thirties was not a period of high literary vitality. The Thirties writers of the Left – one major poetic talent, a few minor novelists, no playwright – were at their best silver, after the gold of Eliot, Pound, Lawrence, Joyce and Yeats. I do not think this judgment is likely to be reversed. Mr Symons, while poking fun at the Thirties, is writing entirely from within its assumptions. And in other ways, too, he accepts its assumptions uncritically. For an ex-Marxist, writing of a Marxising period, he takes literature altogether too seriously. One is often tempted to ask – as Orwell consistently asked – what was going on down below while Wystan and Stephen and the rest were clambering about in the Superstructure. Which is the horse, which the cart: did Auden inspire the volunteers in Spain, or did the volunteers inspire Auden? Which made the greater impact: the Jarrow marchers on Upward and Isherwood, or Upward and Isherwood on the Jarrow marchers? The truth is, I feel, the political movement of the Thirties would have come into being had the Auden group never existed. Whereas the Auden group, as we know it, would certainly not have come into being without an 'objective situation' of Fascism, appeasement and mass unemployment.

I do not find myself agreeing, therefore, when I read Mr Symons' conclusion:

> The Thirties movement died silently, without bang or whimper . . . By the end of 1939 the great tide of left-wing feeling had receded beyond the bounds of vision, and the land it had covered was as smooth, almost, as though the tide had never been.

This is not quite true, surely, even in the literary sphere: *Horizon* and *Penguin New Writing* carried on, without discontinuity, the Thirties tradition. Politically, the Thirties movement gained momentum during the war years – think of *Picture Post*, think of Humphrey Jennings's documentaries – and culminated in the triumph of 1945. To tell the story of the Thirties without mention of the election of 1945 is like writing of the French eighteenth century without the Revolution.

Was 1945 a revolution, though? It is a leading question. It is at this point precisely that the gulf yawns between the Old Left and the New. If it was, then the battle is behind us, and we are all living in paradise unwitting. If it was not, then somebody must have betrayed it, and who else can that be but the Old Left, the men of the Thirties? Without identifying myself with this view, I can assure any doubtful readers that this is indeed what the New Left, in the narrower sense, think. (By the New Left 'in the narrower sense' I mean the partisans of Carlisle Street: in a wider sense, the term New Left would seem applicable to the politics of a whole generation, the generation that came to political consciousness after Suez and Hungary.) How could

**The Thirties.* By JULIAN SYMONS. *Cresset.* 25*s.*

it be otherwise? If it is true, as Mr Crossman has said, that many members of his generation have vested interest in the 'achievements' of the Labour government, the New Left would seem to have an opposite interest. They start from the fact of failure. Where the Old Left still speaks of tactical successes, the New Left sees only strategic defeat.

We arrive, then, at a new and more vicious form of the Generations Game. For it would be a mistake, as the Labour multilateralists have learnt to their cost, to underestimate the bitterness of the younger, and the youngest, generations. Not, I think, that bitterness and anger are all they have to offer. If I were asked to name one respect in which the New Left has it over the Old (their vices strike me, after a reading of Mr Symons, as remarkably similar), I would say this. Much of what Orwell criticised in the Thirties – the practical and private joking, the cult of homosexuality – had its origin in the English public school. This has now vanished, with astonishing completeness. In the Thirties, the working-class intellectual was still a bit of a joke; Orwell was unsparing about him. It is difficult nowadays to think of younger left-wing intellectuals who do *not* come from working-class or lower-middle-class homes. They are less ambivalent in their social attitudes.

The New Left may have evolved no very coherent ideology as yet, but it lacks this particular confusion (though I would argue, personally, that its sentimental, Littlewoodian cult of the working class could be as dangerous, potentially, as the Public School cults of the Thirties). Its Marxism, such as it is, is the better for having been acquired, not from the Left Book Club, but from immediate and painful political experience. If you want proof of this, it is only necessary to compare, say, Mr Wesker's plays with those of Auden and Isherwood. There is innocence, naivety perhaps, in Mr Wesker's plays: but there is also experience, and experience of a kind which transcends the personal, as the experience of a family goes beyond that of its individual members. And this experience includes within itself – it seems to me Mr Wesker's most striking originality – the fact of failure. This failure is personal, but it is also political: it is the failure, precisely, of the Thirties movement. His plays are indeed written around this gulf between the generations. Ultimately, this gulf is their subject; and the Jewish East End documentary background is even a distraction. But Mr Wesker's trilogy also, one should note, transcends the fact of failure. I would risk the opinion that there is nothing in the literature of the Thirties as good as the scenes of Beatie's transformation. At any rate, for this generation, a great deal, perhaps everything, surely depends on the human possibility of that extraordinary transformation. It takes us back to the roots of Socialism; it is what Socialism – *pace* Clause 4, *pace* nuclear disarmament – is, finally, about.

Sten Guns v. Umbrellas

Shooting at Sharpeville. By BISHOP REEVES. *Gollancz.* 18*s*.

What really happened at Sharpeville Were the newspaper reports exaggerated? And even if they weren't, why was it so important? We have had shootings before – yet even Mr Paul Sauer (the senior Nationalist Minister at the time) said that 'the old book of South African history closed 14 days ago at Sharpeville.' Why?

What really happened can be read – and seen in the 30 graphic photographs – in the Bishop of Johannesburg's book. The facts have been tested by rigorous cross-questioning, by sworn statements, by the visual evidence, and not least by the unmasking of the false testimony of the police. But are these facts, then, so important? 70 killed, when the police (or army) fire on a crowd: that is (alas) not so uncommon these days, in many parts of the world. The significance of the innocent dead (69 – and at least one died later) and the innocent wounded (over 180) was not merely that an unarmed crowd was shot upon by at least 75 white policemen, firing more than 700 bullets from Sten sub-machine guns, service rifles and revolvers, at short range. It was as follows.

The police went to Sharpeville determined to shoot, with or without provocation. At 10.00 a.m. (3 hours before the shooting) the Police Commandant shouted to the crowd (who were quiet and controlled) '*Vandag kop ons julle donder kaffers*' ('Today we'll beat up you kaffers').

The police fired, and continued firing for 45 seconds (some having time to reload), into the backs of an unarmed and unmenacing crowd. Nearly 80 per cent were found to have been shot in the back. And several were killed on the north-west side of the grounds where even the police do not claim that the crowd was menacing – they were mere spectators.

The police then fabricated evidence to prove that the shooting was necessary, or alternatively to prove that they only fired 'a few rounds'. Their account of the crowd's behaviour, however, is completely belied by witnesses (including the Afrikaner Superintendent of the Location); the photographs, which show a largely happy, unorganised crowd; the fact that only a second or two before the shooting Col. Spengler was able to walk unmolested into the crowd and arrest two suspects. The police claimed that the crowd was threatening to break down the fence and rush the police station; yet months after, the fence was still standing. The police produced a four-gallon drum full of stones, thrown at them 'by the crowd'. But the photographs show no stones; if there was any stone-throwing it was so trivial that even the official account could only claim three policemen (slightly) injured; and one witness saw two policemen pick up stones *after* the shooting and throw them into the area, as evidence! (The Bishop does not mention this tit-bit from the Submissions to the Commission of Enquiry.) The only weapons, apart from stones, that the police could produce in court were some sticks, bits of iron, a bicycle pump and three ladies' umbrellas. Several policemen revised their statements, from their first returns at HQ of the number of unfired bullets in their holders; under cross-examination they could not explain satisfactorily why they now claimed to have fired fewer rounds than they had first stated. And several policemen, including a Captain, were caught out (by means of photographs) in making wholly false statements about the shooting on the north-west side of the police station.

In order to prevent incriminating evidence emerging, the police intimidated witnesses, even the wounded in hospital; two of the lawyers who collected such evidence were arrested; and members of the crowd (including the wounded) were charged with 'public violence'. (The magistrate dismissed the cases as completely unfounded.) The Bishop is too modest to say in his book what his team of lawyers said, bluntly, to the Commission of Enquiry: *viz*, that if he (the Bishop) had not taken up the case of his own Anglican clients (killed or wounded), only the police evidence would have been heard; for the African witnesses were (demonstrably) afraid to appear lest they themselves be charged with 'public violence'.

No word of regret or sorrow has yet been expressed by the authorities. When Lt Col. Pienaar, the Commandant, was asked at the Enquiry, 'Do you think you have learned any useful lesson from the evidence in Sharpeville?' he replied, 'Well, we may get better equipment.' And when faced with the evidence of the peacefulness of the crowd, he said: 'The Native mentality does not allow them to gather for a peaceful demonstration. For them to gather means violence.' The Government is covering its tracks by introducing legislation to protect itself from possible claims for compensation from victims or their relatives. And Dr Verwoerd himself stated at the time of the shooting (and he has never withdrawn the statement) that the police did a good job that day.

They certainly did. They showed what the real face of *apartheid* (underneath the smooth and smiling mask placed on it by the SA Information Service) looks like. A 15-page appendix to the Submissions to the Commission of Enquiry by the Bishop's lawyers is entitled 'Concealment and Fabrication of Evi-

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ISABEL QUIGLY, *Guardian*

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dence by the Police.' The Minister for Bantu affairs, Mr de Wet Nel, stated soon after Sharpeville that relations between Europeans and 'the Bantu' in South Africa had never been better; and as recently as 18 November the Information Attaché to South Africa House in London (Mr B. P. J. Erasmus) stated at a meeting in Somerset that 'despite Press reports relations between the white and coloured people were excellent.'

The Government in South Africa replied to the Bishop's allegations by accusing him of spreading false rumours about the use of 'dum-dum' bullets at Sharpeville. The truth is now made clear in this book: the Bishop, acting on the first medical report from the hospital, did indeed ask that the nature of the bullets used be carefully investigated, since the wounds were so extensive and savage. He did not use the words 'dum-dum'. Later medical evidence showed that the effect of sten-gun shots, at close range, was certainly devastating. The other reply to the Bishop made by the Government was simpler: it was to deport him – thereby vindicating everything he has done in the past, and proving the truth of this sober, unhistrionic but terrible book. A Bishop can be deported; but truth can't, unless the iron curtain now being built round Pondoland becomes a sound-proof curtain round the Union. It was an explosive truth on 21 March, 1960. It may prove to be more explosive yet.

MARTIN JARRETT-KERR, CR

Teach 'em or Learn 'em?

Eton. By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. *Hollis & Carter.* 30*s.*

When history lies hard upon a school it must be a temptation to follow its course, event by event, in order to understand what makes the school a success. Eton, notorious for its production of cabinet ministers, directors, bishops, scholars, eccentrics and others, poses some such problem. Not being an Etonian myself, however, I find it hard to see just what makes the place different from other public schools that have done almost as well – though I am aware there is a difference – and this even after reading Mr Hollis' history. (Of course, I am not a historian, either.)

The history is interesting: from the foundation of the school by Henry VI in order to combat heresy and promote education, through social and religious upheavals during which out-of-date rules continued to exist in a typically English fashion, even though no one took any real notice of them – for instance, during the celebration of the Fourth of June in Provost Goodall's time, the masters attended incognito because boating was then still nominally illegal. Mr Hollis also provides much information about the context in which Eton found itself throughout the centuries.

Such details can usually be paralleled in other schools, as can the various boys' rebellions and the brutality passing for discipline that covered an almost total absence of order. To read of masters like the tireless Keate, however, flogging boys for any reason good or bad, and being pelted in return with rotten eggs, books and, once, a stone – upon which Keate remarked, 'Boys, I hope I have not deserved that,' the boys answering with a cheer – does make one wonder just what a school is for. As Mr Hollis says, in those days 'what not only happened but was expected to happen was so extraordinary that it is impossible to understand what benefit any parent can have imagined that his son would derive from going to such a place,' though he notes that the rich often treated their children with the same callousness as they treated the poor. All the same, it is here, really, that Mr Hollis fails us: surely parents did think Eton would do *something* for their children?

The Victorians came to think that a school trained character. This no doubt means that a schoolboy is forced to experience certain forms of authority, discipline and punishment, learning when he must obey, when he can disobey, and when he can use the rules to his own advantage. It is a caricature of certain situations in which he will find himself in later life, and if he can master them at school he may be 'qualified more or less eminently for the performance of parliamentary and official duties', to use Canning's phrase. Obviously, one reason for Eton's reputation was that it acted as a forcing house to teach boys the nature of power – not always happily, if one remembers Chatham's remark that 'he scarce observed a boy who was not cowed for life' there.

We can guess at the nature of the power game at Eton from what Mr Hollis says about the organisation of discipline in the school, the position of the headmaster, the importance of the Sixth Form, Pop, fagging and so on; but the real anatomy of the game is not explained, so that we cannot tell how it echoes the nature of governmental authority, the structure of such institutions as the Army or the Church, or the ethos of capitalism and empire-building. There must be deep, if often hidden similarities between such things and the hierarchies, formal and informal, to be observed in schools, and I wish Mr Hollis had filled out his history with some social anthropology. It is surely because the Etonian finds governmental systems sharing his expectations so often that Eton is the notable school it is: otherwise, why shouldn't the cabinet be filled with Old Gordonstounians?

Well, it's early days yet.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

Moment of No Return

Men of Destiny. By STEPHEN KING-HALL. *K H Services Ltd.* 18*s.*

We all know, though we try to forget, that nuclear war may happen at any time without being willed by Moscow, London or Washington. It could start by accident or be provoked by a reckless politician in any of the countries guaranteed by America or Russia. Germany is the most obviously dangerous country. Commander King-Hall (as we shall go on calling him, in spite of his title) has written a documentary of a future Berlin crisis in which, when the world has apparently gone over the brink, war is finally averted.

The story is quite excellently told. Personal intrigues and emotions play just about the part that they probably would play. The West foments a rising in East Germany; an East German would-be Hitler sees an opportunity for reuniting Germany by compelling the Russians to help him to occupy West Berlin. The British, French and American Heads of States and their advisory generals are confronted with the dilemma of destroying the world or deserting allies they can't in fact help. King-Hall's account of how they receive the German ultimatum is witty and convincing. The most novel addition to our picture of the world's peril is his careful estimate of the damage that can be done by differences of time between Moscow, London and Washington. Thus the East Germans send a tough

note with an ultimatum ordering the West out of Berlin, to which the Americans, assuming that they are dealing with a disguised Soviet bluff, reply with a tough warning. The Soviet dictator, furious at being double-crossed by his satellite, compels the East German dictator (who has arrested his cabinet colleagues in the meantime) to postpone his threat for 24 hours. Because of the time confusion the American press assumes that this is a Soviet climb-down following Washington's rejoinder. All the wires cross throughout a series of urgent and ill-considered threats and counter-threats; the world's press necessarily misinterprets what is happening. Confusion is increased because midnight in one capital coincides with early morning in another and the American President and the French Generalissimo are hard to get out of bed and into Cabinet consultation at the same moment as their allies. The latest message always cuts across the last but one. The civil population crowds the roads in a panic-stricken effort to escape. All England outside its nuclear bases is reduced to chaos.

The British Premier, who guesses that the East German dictator is not supported by his Soviet colleague, desperately tries to win America to a policy of postponement, and, in a dramatic interview made possible by a 'small world' television device, the British and American Heads of State try to reach a decision, each longing to find a way out of their appalling predicament and, if possible, to shift some of the responsibility to the other's shoulders. War is only prevented because a Soviet scientist has invented a machine which enables the Soviet leader to overhear and unscramble their conversation. The result of this final example of brinkmanship is to convince a much larger part of the world of the urgency of nuclear disarmament. The book itself poses the question whether it can be sensible to give guarantees that depend on a readiness to destroy humanity.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Valery's Faust

The Collected Works of Paul Valéry. Vol. III: Plays. Translated by DAVID PAUL and ROBERT FITZGERALD. With an Introduction by FRANCIS FERGUSSON and a Memoir by IGOR STRAVINSKY. *Routledge.* 30s.

This volume of Paul Valéry's plays is the fourth to appear of a 15-volume edition of his works in English, under the general editorship of Mr Jackson Mathews. Vol. XII of the edition, *Degas, Manet and Morisot*, was published earlier this year. Not only the scope of this undertaking, but the quality of the translations, editing and production would be unthinkable but for the patronage of the Bollingen Foundation. In the case of verse, the French text faces the translation. All but one of the five plays in this volume appear in both languages.

The collection is dominated by Valéry's two unfinished Faust plays, *Lust* and *Le Solitaire*, written in 1940 under the first impact of the German Occupation. Though other French writers, such as Gide, showed a growing interest in German literature at this time, there is no simple or immediate connection between the shock suffered by both writers that year and Valéry's choice of the Faust subject. Characteristically, Valéry's distress took the form of self-questioning; and all that his two Faust plays have in common is that they record a personal crisis,

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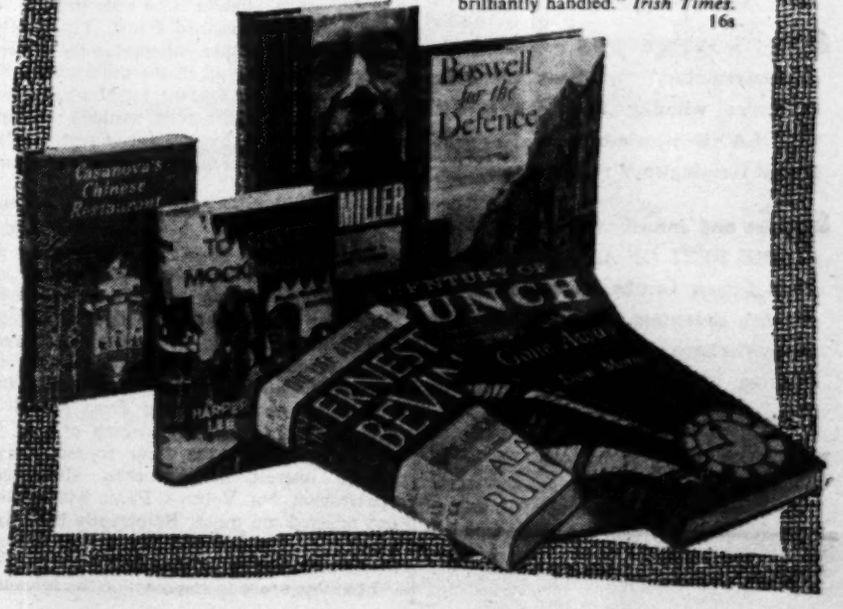

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JONATHAN CAPE

which was also the crisis of a particular intellectual and artistic outlook. For that reason it is interesting to compare the Faust plays with the earlier dramatic, or semi-dramatic, works included in the volume, Valéry's 'melodramas' on the Amphion and Semiramis themes, and the *Narcissus Cantata* – all written in the Thirties.

Outwardly, these renderings of classical myths in terms of the Symbolist ideal of pure art – the total fusion of words with music, decor, gesture and dance in *Amphion* and *Semiramis*, of words with music only in *Narcissus* –, has nothing at all in common with the later comedies based on the essentially modern Faust myth. *Lust* especially seems to belong to a recognisable kind of 'intellectual comedy akin to that of Shaw or Giraudoux', to quote Mr Fergusson's Introduction, and its witty, colloquial prose could hardly be further removed from the solemn alexandrines of the *Narcissus Cantata* or the free verse of the two operas. Yet all these works have a close thematic affinity. Like Amphion, Semiramis and Narcissus, Faust stands for the autonomy of mind and art; and Luste in the Faust comedy (Mr David Paul has added the final 'e' to her name) has exact counterparts in the Captive of *Semiramis*, the Nymphs of *Narcissus*, and the veiled figure representing Love and Death who takes away Amphion's lyre. Everywhere the aspiration to total autonomy is confronted with love and death, symbolised by an erotic involvement. Stravinsky, in a foreword, remarks on Valéry's religious concern in the plays; there is certainly no lack of theological allusions in the Faust plays, such as Faust's sharing of a fruit with his secretary.

In the Faust plays alone the conflict is not resolved; that is why both remained fragments. The conflict itself becomes more drastic and intricate than in the earlier works. *Luste or The Crystal Girl* is Valéry's closest approximation to the drama not of symbolic archetypes, but of individual characters; but even the three completed acts – the fourth and last is missing – are held together by the theme and the incomparable brilliance of the dialogue rather than by the interplay of characters. Valéry's Faust is plausible enough as a character, if only because he is so much like Valéry; Luste is at least as plausible an embodiment of the Eternal Feminine as Goethe's Gretchen; Valéry's Mephisto, if anything, is more positively nasty and more radically nihilistic than Goethe's; and the hopeful young Student is an excellent foil to an old and disillusioned Faust. Yet Valéry added to the difficulties inherent in the subject by devoting nearly all of the third act to the temptation of the Student by Mephisto and his attendant devils; Goethe avoided this risk of fragmentation by keeping Faust at the centre of actions even more diverse and far-reaching.

In the verse play *The Only One or The Curses of the Cosmos* the theme of solipsism is so prominent as to make dramatic development virtually impossible. If the person of Luste and the temptation she offers both to Faust and the Student just maintain the tension of the prose play, the damnation of Faust by a creature even further advanced in autonomy than himself leaves little scope for merely human involvements. Even Mephisto is left behind. As at the opening of Part II of Goethe's play, the Fays try to revive Faust's interest in life even after this catastrophe; but Valéry's Faust has known and rejected too much. Reluctantly the Fays admit that 'No', the first word ever uttered by Faust, will also be his last.

I have no space to comment on the splendid poetry or the profoundly original reflections in all these plays; the reader must find them for himself. Valéry's roots, as he knew, were in a world divided from ours by more than two world wars; his aesthetic of pure form may seem as remote from present concerns as his habit of untrammelled and unbounded speculation. Yet, in the two Faust plays at least, he was also at grips with our world; and he knew as well as anyone what it feels like to be human. 'When there's only one, there's nobody,' the Only One says to Faust. This is the paradox around which all his plays revolve.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Shangri-La, E.

Family and Class in a London Suburb. By PETER WILLMOTT and MICHAEL YOUNG. *Routledge*. 21*s*.

'When we first visited Woodford it was clear that we had come to a different kind of place from Bethnal Green.' They can say that again. The sociological White Tide Man has left the Huggetts for the Dales, the close, raucous streets for Acacia Avenue and Laburnum Drive; the red buses give way to the Green Line, and behind the Tudor-style bay windows the wives of businessmen lay information against the Band 'X' people up the road. 'There's not such a good class of person here as there used to be . . . '

This could have been a valuable study of suburban life if (a) the authors had not been so obsessed by Bethnal Green and (b) they had not been so obsessed by class. On the latter count, to ask people which of the following statements is nearest to their opinion of their neighbours, 'I don't notice them much/They are very easy to get on with/*They are inclined to be stand-offish*' (my italics) is to load the dice considerably on the side of the old class war. And on the first count, to compare Woodford with Bethnal Green seems as unrewarding as to compare Uxbridge with South Kensington or Cockfosters with Forest Hill, SE23 – unrewarding, that is, if you are comparing one class with another and not, what is far more important, comparing building densities, entertainment and shopping facilities, distances between work and home, *one way of life* with another.

It is valuable, for example, to give us a picture of the industrious suburban householder, doing-it-himself like a maniac in his 'property' in Woodford, knocking down walls, dragging in steel-sink units, busy with the Marley tiles, converting his Dunroamin into a saleable asset, 'an investment'; he doesn't exist in Bethnal Green and his type has not been catalogued before. It is also valuable to prove that the wider family, the jostling matriarchal group that sits in permanent war council in Bethnal Green, does not flourish in the suburb; but to conclude from this that 'social class is one of the decisive influences upon family life' is to have Bethnal Green on the brain. The wider family does not exist in Harlow New Town or in Dagenham, or any of the vast estates on the London ring roads, but as the authors very well know, class has little to do with it.

But I wonder if the Institute of Community Studies has been studying the right suburb?

While the working class of Bethnal Green live in a district to all intents and purposes one-class, and that their own, the working-class of Woodford do not. They live in an

area dominated by the middle class. Middle-class behaviour, middle-class attitudes, middle-class houses surround them.

Now if this is true of Woodford I would suggest that it is not true of most large English suburbs. Is post-war housing middle-class? Is commuting middle-class? Is choosing to watch the telly rather than walk a mile up the road to the new pub middle-class? Are the social pressures in any large suburb today pressures of class or rather pressures of housing and transport? A regular half-hour wait for a suburban bus can change the entire living pattern of someone who has been accustomed to hopping on a tube at the end of the road; an extra room and a toolshed can dispel in one night a 'close family group' who have been sitting on each other's laps for a lifetime. There is more in the suburbs than a Bethnal Green dream of Shangri-La.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Mixed Economics

Nationalised Industries and Public Ownership. By WILLIAM A. ROBSON. *Allen & Unwin.* 50*s.*

Professor Robson surveys the public sector of the economy from the middle range of the political landscape. He answers patiently and at length the opponents of nationalisation, and lands a number of effective sidekicks on those who, like Mr Crosland, have accepted too easily some of the right-wing criticisms. His book has over 500 pages, an excellent bibliography, a most helpful index, and it takes its place immediately as an indispensable guide to the nationalised industries.

Professor Robson assumes the framework of a mixed economy, although he rejects the approach of the Labour Party's *Industry and Society*, which he subjects to some pithy criticism, and he would not, I think, be averse to some degree of further nationalisation. He is a firm and indeed an enthusiastic advocate of the public corporation as the most useful institution for taking private industry into public ownership and he brings out clearly the variety of structure that is both realised and possible. In making his case he sets out with great care the balance sheet of a decade of nationalisation. The disillusionment with the public sector, he writes,

> . . . has been mainly induced by the persistent denigration of the nationalised industries by the Press, by Conservative politicians both inside and outside Parliament, by leading business men, and by organs like the Federation of British Industries and the Institute of Directors. For more than ten years a ceaseless campaign has been waged by the great majority of the daily newspapers to present a continuously unfavourable picture of the nationalised industries . . . All the shortcomings of the railways and the coal industry are ascribed to nationalisation, although most of them are due to prolonged mismanagement under private ownership.

There is surely one factor here that Professor Robson has left out, and that is the Labour Party. The Labour Party, inside and outside Westminster, has produced little comment on the conduct of the nationalised industries that has made any significant impact upon public opinion; and by disengaging itself from its commitment to nationalisation (until the last few months) it has persuaded the public that Tory criticisms of nationalisation may well have been correct. The retreat

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'Contains enough collected wit to enliven the dreariest evening and to make any speaker (and his listeners) feel thoroughly pleased with themselves.'—*John O'London* 12s. 6d.

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in the Fifties has not unnaturally convinced many that there really was something to retreat from. It is, as Harold Laski used to say, very difficult to sing the Red Flag to the tune of the Londonderry Air; and the effect upon the listening public is not always what one had hoped for.

This volume is mainly a study of the problems of public administration, but political issues and values are involved at every turn of the argument. My doubts about the discussion of certain of these political issues stem less from what Professor Robson has said than from what he leaves unsaid. He tends, for example, to regard the public and the private sectors as distinct entities rather than as connected and integral parts of the whole. However independent their creation, and whatever the ideology responsible for their establishment, the public corporations in a predominantly private enterprise economy must become increasingly enmeshed within the relationships of private profit-making.

Professor Robson notes as a disturbing trend of the past decade the increasing interference by Tory ministers in the policy decisions of the nationalised industries, at the same time as they shelter behind the constitutional fiction of the day-to-day independence of the public corporation. He comments that such interference by the Government is a good deal more than Ministers are required to do by statute. But what he never directly asks are the purposes for which this interference by the Government are invoked, and only in part does he provide us with the answer. The coal industry, for example, where the Tories have had it all ways. Private enterprise has obtained its coal at prices a good deal lower than would have been the case if the industry had not been nationalised, and the resulting deficits have 'proved' that nationalisation does not work. Add to these the highly profitable business of supplying the mining industry with large quantities of equipment (required not least because of the terrible neglect by the former owners, whose generous compensation is now a first charge on the industry) and it is not difficult to appreciate why there is no demand from the Federation of British Industries for de-nationalisation. Not to put too fine a point on it, the mugs are on our side.

Or take the discussion of competition, monopoly and the pricing policy of the nationalised industries. Professor Robson seems to me to accept too easily the merits of competition. I doubt, for example, his statement that 'there is everything to be said' for consumers having a free choice between gas, electricity, coal, coke, and, one must add, oil, since a national fuel policy would seem a most urgent necessity in the general and particular circumstances of our economy. I doubt even more his discussion of public transport problems. He quotes, I think with approval, Mr Gilbert Ponsonby's argument that the railways should 'divest themselves of all traffic carried at a loss and which could be more economically carried by road'. Now whatever relevance this argument had in 1954, when it was stated, it surely has little application today. The growing flood of traffic on the roads and the increasing congestion of our urban areas mean that either we have a co-ordinated policy of rail, road and air transport – recognising that transportation is an essential public service – or we shall find ourselves in the appalling conditions that afflict many parts of the US.

A chapter which exhibits the strengths and weaknesses of Professor Robson's approach is that dealing with the governing boards of the public corporations. He introduces his chapter with the comment that 'The governing board occupies a position of crucial importance in the direction and management of a nationalised industry,' and he notes the emerging pattern is that of a mixed board of full-time and part-time members. But while we are told that membership of the boards represent a wide variety of occupations, we cannot discover from the text which groups in society have been most strongly represented, and which least.

And yet is not this a crucial question for any student of public administration? Given the central importance of the governing boards, the fact that a vice-chancellor and some professors can be found scattered around is a good deal less significant than the presence of certain of the leading figures of the Institute of Directors. Are there any important differences between the boards themselves in the matter of business representation? Have the Tories, with their increasing interference in the policy decisions of the nationalised industries, also leaned heavily upon the appointment of business men? It would be helpful to know some of these answers.

The most notable failure of the nationalised industries has been their inability to evoke a new kind of response from the workers whom they employ. In his chapter on Labour Relations, Professor Robson says a number of things that have needed saying about industrial problems, but to suggest that the discussion remains profoundly unsatisfactory is not to blame Professor Robson. The responsibility lies with the political and industrial Left, who, while complaining, rightly, of the continuation at local level especially of many of the practices of the pre-nationalisation era, have yet failed to develop a socialist theory of working-class representation and control; and a good deal more than scraping the barrel of guild socialism will be required. Of all the many issues relating to nationalisation, past, present and future, this is the one on which there has been least discussion, and the one on which most is needed.

JOHN SAVILLE

Three Women

Netta. By MONK GIBBON. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

Isabel Fry. By BEATRICE CURTIS BROWN. *Barker.* 21*s.*

Memories of a Doctor in War and Peace. By ISABEL HUTTON. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

If you cannot find an enemy to write your life, do it yourself, but never leave the job to a friend. This is the mournful advice which flows, vinegar-like, from the retort in which I boiled this random sample, and it is not really surprising. Your friend, unless he is a cad like Boswell, has more inhibitions than yourself; he will not like to be explicit; he will lure readers into getting mildly interested and then snub them for their vulgar curiosity, and he will keep explaining that it is impossible to convey any impression of what you were like. And he is right, of course, because what you are like *to your friends* cannot be conveyed. What the biographer must do, particularly for someone who is not yet famous, is to place himself in the middle distance and mark out clearly the distinctive points about his subject, the peculiarity which makes it worth our while to read about him rather than 10,000 other people.

It is a hard thing to do for a friend, and the quickest way to be sure of not doing it is the one taken by Mr Gibbon, who devotes all his best attention to exclaiming how many people his subject knew, and what an excellent hostess she was – in fact still is, for he has doubled his difficulties by writing while she is still alive. *Mais où sont les sorbets d'antan?* The sweet scent of hospitality evaporates as quickly as that of the food served. Yet, peering between the lines, and against the grain of the book, I concluded that the Hon. Mrs Henrietta Franklin probably is quite a remarkable woman. She was a pioneer of Liberal Judaism in England, and the chief prophet, under its founder, of PNEU. If you want to know about these topics you can find quite a lot to interest you here and there

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in this book; if on the other hand you just want a flood of amiable gossip extending over the last 80 years it will suit you splendidly.

Isabel Fry is quite a different sort of biographical problem. After reading her life I have no doubt that she was an interesting and original character, but as she seems never to have found work that really suited her, her life was in many ways hesitant and unhappy, a quality which infects her biographer. I get the impression that she was hounded away from every chance of fulfilment by that terrible machine, the unbridled nonconformist conscience.

She taught here and there, constantly dissatisfied with herself and moving on to something unpleasant whenever she could manage it, but leaving a trail of delighted and stimulated, though sometimes frightened pupils. Her greatest success was the foundation of Mayortorne, a farm school which went some way towards giving children the genuine work and responsibility which she very sensibly preferred to artificial rituals like games. Her opinions on such subjects, expressed in various writing in this book, are firm and original, and I was particularly impressed by her remarks on the teaching of grammar. She deplores the conventional abstract approach.

> Language is, in its widest sense, a part of the act of living. Tear it from its setting and it will to a greater or less extent, become meaningless. Listen, for instance, to a conversation going on in a kitchen while you sit outside in the garden. The remarks will often be almost unintelligible to you, although spoken in your own language. If you happen to know the kitchen intimately – its doors, cupboards, taps, and shortcomings etc - you may interpret very fairly closely what is said. If, however, you have never been inside it, the words will have distinctly less meaning for you; while if you are, still further, ignorant as to whether it is a kitchen or a workshop, you will understand less still.

This is very contemporary. It was approved warmly, too, by Jespersen and Malinowski, yet her little book on the subject stayed unread. Throughout her life she seems to have struggled to carry on this same sane and proper war against the divorce of theory from practice, and only to have fallen short of resounding success because she could never let herself finish anything. As far as schooling goes, however, I suspect that her experiments could not have been carried far in the present epoch, when, though much of the formal discipline that prepares children for exams has been abandoned, the actual passing of them becomes more and more necessary. When the inconveniences of this system have made themselves obvious even to educationists, something will have to be done about it, and part of that something might well come from Isabel Fry.

As for Lady Hutton, she has thoroughly enjoyed her life and thoroughly enjoys writing about it. She is a person of remarkable courage. A medical student in Edinburgh, then a doctor in the days when women did not easily find jobs, she cheerfully added to her difficulties by specialising in mental illness and becoming interested in the teaching of Freud. She flatly refused to stop work on her marriage, building up a practice as a consultant and eventually finding congenial hospital work, and then risked the whole thing by publishing *The Hygiene of Marriage*, which she was warned would probably ruin her career. She is the greatest fun, and her book, though written entirely in clichés, will do extremely nicely.

MARY SCRUTTON

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JOHN CALDER

17 SACKVILLE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Two German Novels

The Blinding Light. By HEINRICH SCHIRMBECK. Translated by NORMAN DENNY. *Collins.* 21*s.*

The Gouffé Case. By JOACHIM MAASS. Translated by MICHAEL BULLOCK. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 21*s.*

There is more than enough material in the early childhood sections alone of *The Blinding Light* to fill an average novel. The African convent school, the boat journey to France, the behaviour of the rich silk-manufacturing relatives who adopt the illegitimate hero, are realised vividly and with great economy both in the selection of incident and in the descriptive detail. You could call the narrative technique impressionist. The nun looking with desire at a picture of St Sebastian, the giant fish thrashing about in its death-throes on deck, the unknown woman at her dressing-table, the scientist father injecting stimulants into his own arm, the eccentricities of the Jansenist aunt, the blind girl polishing lenses in the lighthouse, the heaps of dead birds outside – all these are caught in the briefest of glimpses but they are given such a sharp visual impact that they stick firmly in the memory.

Schirmbeck, however, is not content to develop his novel on these lines. After eighty pages of childhood, Thomas Grey is suddenly adult, a physicist and a cyberneticist working in Paris. Schirmbeck obviously shares his hero's belief that scientific knowledge has advanced far too fast for man's moral and biological evolution, and he weaves an elaborate plot around the issues that this raises. In a world where the distinction between pure and applied knowledge is rapidly vanishing, he is concerned with the scientist's responsibilities, the morality of nuclear fission and nuclear fusion, freedom versus secrecy in scientific research and the ethics of betrayal of atom secrets. These are daunting themes and so far very few serious attempts have been made to tackle them in fiction. Schirmbeck's is the most serious and the most successful I know.

A certain amount of exposition is inevitable, simply to get across to the reader the information he needs in order to understand the issues at stake. It might be better if some of the characters were less eloquent, but the monologues are never dull and always functional. For instance, when Colonel Elliott speaks to Thomas Grey about the possibility of applying cybernetics to 'the problem of scientifically turning bad citizens into good ones', he is not just being a mouthpiece for Schirmbeck's fears for the future if scientists allow science to become a tool in the hands of the state; he is providing a dramatic build-up for the episode where he tries to make the Prince de Bary, head of the Cybernetics Institute and a believer in the publication of results, undergo a leucotomy operation which would make him more amenable to the state's demands for secrecy.

Yet there is something fundamentally wrong with the novel's construction. Why, after all the care that Schirmbeck has lavished on his plotting, is it impossible for him to rely on his story line to give him the tension he needs? Sometimes it falls too slack, sometimes it gets pulled too tight. The leucotomy episode, together with the coincidence of overhearing which tells the hero what is going on, is melodramatic enough for science fiction. And why does the bulk of the novel fail to make the visual impact of the opening? It would be easy to say that Schirmbeck is no Thomas Mann and that his themes are too big for him. But it is more to the point to say that in the conception of the novel, the themes did not have the right relation to the plot. What Schirmbeck does is too much like unpacking fruit from boxes and constructing an artificial tree to hang it on. Nevertheless this is an important tree.

The Gouffé Case is another German novel set (mainly) in France – this time France at the end of the nineteenth century. It is oddly unbalanced but it turns out very much better than the beginning promises. Book I is concerned with a debt-collector who vanishes, the police investigation, the discovery of the murderer, the trial, and how a woman who is morally more guilty than the murderer becomes the heroine of Paris and escapes scot-free from the trial. All this is reproduced on an enormous canvas full of minor characters, misty atmospheres and moral overtones. It is always convincing and often very vivid but, for me at least, far too leisurely. It is only in the second book (pages 361-581) that the novel really comes into its own, when the murdered man's brother-in-law pursues the *femme fatale* to America, thinking he wants vengeance but actually wanting the woman.

Both novels must have presented formidable problems of translation. Norman Denny and Michael Bullock have coped admirably.

RONALD HAYMAN

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,607 **Set by Peter Pimlico**

Competitors are invited to compose a hunting song for the Duke of Edinburgh. Limit 12 lines. Entries by 20 December.

Result of No. 1,604 **Set by Maria Martin**

Competitors are invited to compose a 1960 version of one of the following nursery rhymes: 'Jack and Jill'; 'Three blind mice'; 'Little Jack Horner'; 'Hey! diddle-diddle'; 'I had a little nut-tree'; 'Tom, Tom, the piper's son'; 'Sing a song of sixpence'; 'As I was going to St Ives'; 'Little Bo-Beep'; 'Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been'; 'Ba, ba, black sheep'.

Report

This was a fertile entry (with up to 20 attempts from one competitor – hard on the judge, that) and at least 30 people deserve prizes. Some versions were just too 1960-ish and complex; but entries like Michael Myer's prove that you don't have to use words like psychosis and radiation to be up-to-date. There were an amazing number of non-scanners – like growlers in a school singing class – and others clung too close to the original.

But there were so many good entries that I can only say, see how well the winners did it. Highly commended: P. W. R. Foot, E. Parkinson, Allan M. Laing, Douglas Hawson, W. M. Byron, Rhoda Tuck Pook, V. Lazarow, James S. Fidgen, J. M. Hendrie, B. Savage, Alberick, A. Harrison, W. J. Young, E. B. C. Jones, Virginia Paul, Cecil Hardwicke, A. Cooklin, J. A. Lindon, R. A. Mc-

Kenzie, Blinkers, Alison Edwards, L. K. Bluntmore, Margaret Noyes and Joyce Johnson. A guinea each to Michael Myer and A. J. Ryder; half-a-guinea each for the others printed.

'Like, pussy cat, pussy cat, where is you was?'
'Like, I was at Beaulieu to get all that jazz.'
'Like, pussy cat, pussy cat, what happened there?'
'Like, if you don't know, man, you must be a square!'

MICHAEL MYER

'Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?'
'I've been to London to visit the Queen',
'Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did she say?'
'Something beginning My Husband and I . . .'

R. A. PEACOCK

'Paper-back, paper-back, where have you been?'
'To London, to see whether I am obscene.'
'Paper-back, paper-back, then what occurred?'
'I frightened the Crown with a four-letter word.'

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

As I was going to St Ives
I met a film star's seven wives.
Each wife was clothed in mink,
Each had champagne to drink,
Each drove a Cadillac.
Mink, drink, Cadillacs – say,
How much alimony does he pay?

MARGARET WOOD

Hey! diddle-diddle,
The Stock Exchange fiddle,
The bulls jumped over the bears.
The stockbrokers laughed
At such lucrative sport,
And the take-over boys got the shares.

A. J. RYDER

Pelly-pop-melly!
The press and the telly!
The Queen's gone over to Mars.
The Russians are dumb
On how it was done
And the stripes have run into the stars.

MARGARET DUNNETT

Hey diddle diddle
The East – Far and Middle,
The black jumped over the white.
Red Russia laughed
To see such sport
And the yellow skins clapped with delight.

FELICITY HART

Bar! Bar! Black sheep!
Have them in our school?
No Sir! No Sir! Ah'm no fool.
One for the white boy, and one for his Jane,
But none for the nigger boy who's plantin' mah cane.

D. M. JOWETT

Hugh and Mike went down the Vale
To catch a floating voter.
Hugh fell down
And broke his crown;
But Mike brought home the floater.

G. J. BLUNDELL

Sing a song of sixpence
A rocket full of pie
Four and twenty spacemen
Sailing through the sky.
When the sky is opened
The birds will cease to sing,
Isn't that a pretty thought
To set before a King?

The King was in his counting-house
Counting down to zero,
The Queen was in the parlour
Proud of such a hero.
The Maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes
When down came a Black Knight
And pecked off her nose.

S. H. FINDLAY

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

I suppose it is a commonplace that landscape painting has only a rather generalised connection with landscape: I know nothing about it but I presume that the painter selects from the kind of country he likes the elements with which to make something that has an ordered and meaningful beauty not in nature. Constable found his elements in East Anglia, Poussin in the Romagna; and wherever Claude Lorraine found his, he made something new with them.

I have been reading Miles Hadfield's *Gardening in Britain* (Hutchinson, 63s.), a book which must henceforth replace Alicia Amherst's as the standard history. In it Hadfield quotes E. Waterhouse (*Painting in Britain* 1530-1790): 'In a sense the greatest English landscapes are not the work of Lambert or Wilson or Gainsborough, but the gardens of Rousham . . . and Stourhead.' True, and there were other gardens which were, and remain, great works of art in the sense that a great landscape painting is one. But – the thought is prompted by one of my regular, annual visits to Stourhead – the new thing not in nature which the talent for a moving order, the talent of a Kent or Repton or even a 'Capability' Brown creates, is more satisfying than the painter's work because you can get yourself into it; you can not only be delighted by it, you can, for a little while, become a part of it. The artist in landscape can so change your mood as to alter the kind of thinking and feeling which are 'natural' to you.

To do this the artist has to impose himself without seeming to do so: to look at a painting by Claude or a garden by Le Notre is to know that you are looking at something which is, among other things, clever. One is not aware of cleverness at Stourhead or in the view from, say, Chilham Castle. This art of being naturally unnatural is peculiar to the English.

Only four main cultures have excelled in gardening, the Chinese, Japanese, Italian and English, and the other three were more akin in spirit to the French in their brief period of a horticultural accomplishment which fell short of excellence, than to the English. Taine, the philosopher, historian of English literature and critic of Continental painting, thought that whereas English painting was the worst in the world, in their gardens the English accomplished something sublime – reaching heights otherwise attained only in their poetry. In short only in England could gardening be properly considered a fully-developed fine art.

This art is not among the lost ones: three great gardens have been created in the lifetime of any man who has five-sevenths of his feet in the grave: Bodnant, Hidcote and Sissinghurst. But of these Hidcote and Sissinghurst are, beside the vast landscape gardens of the past, miniatures. Yet it seems likely that by comparison with any garden which may still be made by private owners, they, in their turn, will seem enormous. The gardener of genius is, like the physicist or engineer of genius, very rarely able to provide the raw material and labour necessary for the expression of his vision out of his own means.

On a small, or relatively small, scale, he can do much, though even so he must find thousands of pounds over a long period of years. But a really great work of horticulture may

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call for the spending of tens, even hundreds, of thousands. And why not? Wasn't Kew worth whatever it cost? In the great age of landscape gardening at least one noble landowner spent £400,000 so that the artist he employed could realise his vision. Some great gardens have gone to rack and ruin. For others the National Trust has made itself responsible, so that they are well maintained and replanting is done as it becomes necessary. It is as if great pictures in the national collection were allowed to moulder away, and others were protected from neglect only by the taste and conscience of a body of private subscribers.

Even if the past be cared for, are we to do nothing about the future? I am not here concerned with National Parks of wild country, but with sustaining this peculiarly English and incomparably pleasing art of landscape gardening on a big scale. In the past all the arts were dependent on patrons. Artists in other fields have found support in public bodies or big commercial and industrial corporations. Scientists are for ever loudly complaining that they are not given enough public money; yet they receive more and more millions to discover ways of blasting us all into dust even more ingeniously; or to squander on the moon, a notoriously dotty course of action. I suggest that the nation, the richer municipalities and the more bloated industrial corporations put up the money for the creation of six new great horticultural works of art in the next five-and-twenty years. I will undertake to locate the men of genius who can spent it for them – or, rather, invest it for the future.

City Lights

TAURUS

Nobody likes to see rich Uncle Sam fretting about the price of potatoes, and the neurotic antics of the US Treasury during the past few weeks have thrown everyone else into a funk. It began in September when Mr Anderson, the Secretary of the Treasury, informed the bankers who had come to Washington to forestall a dollar crisis, that no crisis could possibly take place. In October, when the London gold price began to devalue the dollar, Mr Anderson chided Grandma for suggesting that the market might be controlled by selling a little gold to private speculators; it was only when the price soared high enough to headline to American citizens the possibility of speculation against the dollar that he admitted that countries which have yet to develop exchange controls cannot afford to play with fire.

In November Mr Anderson paid his expected visit to Germany and demanded the contribution towards support costs which, his advisers had long been telling him, was the only politically impossible line: he, and the US Treasury, came away with a well-deserved and well-publicised snub. And now there is the Ford affair. Mr Anderson apparently made his approach to Henry Ford in mid-November when the bid for British Ford was first announced, but news of it was leaked to the US press only last week when everything seemed to be over bar the formal offer. Lacking exchange controls to prevent a deal which will cost the US reserve a packet at an awkward moment, Mr Anderson can only have pleaded or hinted at blackmail. Ford denied all knowledge of an approach, qualified its denial when the US Treasury confirmed the press leak, and then proclaimed – to the relief of an agitated London Stock Exchange – that the bid was to go forward.

Even if Mr Anderson's original phone call was meant to be no more than an experiment in exhortation, the belated press leak served only to advertise to the world the preoccupation of American officials with the state of the gold reserve; the drop below $18 billion may have left the rest of us unshaken, but it certainly seems to have worried them.

★ ★ ★

The US spends a good deal on aid and on investment abroad as well as on imports, and she has recently been spending more on the three together than she has been earning from exports; this temporary deficit has been increased because people have felt safe for the first time since the war in switching out of dollars into European currencies for the sake of higher interest rates. The payments deficit and the outflow of short-term money have together caused the US gold reserve to drop with unusual persistence, and although it is still as large as the rest of the world's gold together, the Andersons have at last worked themselves up into a tizzy that makes every candle-end of vital importance. A domestic recession prevents them from raising interest rates and reversing the flow of short-term money; instead, they are looking about for

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ways to cut US expenditure abroad. The payments problem will certainly have to be tackled soon, preferably by expanding production and persuading other countries to assume a fairer share of the burden of aid and defence. But it could also be met, quickly, unilaterally, and at the cost of tremendous damage to the western alliance, by restricting imports or by slashing economic and military aid. Mr Anderson's antics have brought out a latent fear that something wild and foolish might be done in a sudden fit of bad temper.

The danger lies in the fact that the dollar and the size of the US gold reserve have now got themselves hopelessly mixed up with sputniks and prestige. America may find it painful learning to live with the fact that she is no longer omnipotent, that western Europe as well as Russia has now to be treated as a near-equal, but her strength lies no more in the price of the dollar than in the vagaries of Cape Canaveral: it rests simply on the fact that she is the richest country in the world as soon as she chooses to admit that she is no more.

Even the emotional dollar question, which has little to do with the real payments problem, confuses two different issues. The first is the general, academic case for an increase in the price of gold. Gold, for all our sophistication, is still the only thing which people will take in a crisis and the backbone of the world's reserves of foreign exchange; the value of these reserves has not grown as fast as world trade, and it is often argued that the price of gold should have risen with the price of everything else. But America, with more gold than anyone else, can control the price: to raise it would be to devalue the dollar and, apparently, the American way of life.

If this attitude prevents a general rise in the gold price – a general devaluation of currencies, nobody humiliating themselves to anyone but the powerful gold-god – it prevents still more the reshuffle of exchange rates which most probably accompany any change in the gold prices and in which some must go up and others down. Only Germany is badly out of step, and if the D-mark obstinately refuses to come up into line then the rest, sensible fellows, must go down to meet it. The choice involves nothing but prestige, but affluence has driven out the sense of community; prestige matters again.

Company News

The market has been busy for a fortnight pairing *Standard* off with every other motor company it could think off. The chosen partner turns out to be *Leyland*, which specialises in heavy commercial vehicles and has been doing a good deal better than Standard. The price – Leyland is offering an exchange of shares – is not overwhelming, but unless a rival bidder turns up it will be taken.

A rival bidder has turned up for *Gorringes* – a property group which already holds a sizeable block of the Ordinary and Preference capital and is making a more attractive cash bid than *Army & Navy* for the Ordinary: it is not unreasonable to assume that it was the building up of this single large holding which prompted the directors of Gorringes to talk with Army & Navy.

Easterns, the furnishing group, acquired some time ago a thriving HP company called Belmont Finance: the group has now had to make a provision of £300,000 for bad and doubtful debts and report a sizeable trading loss.

The Chess Board

No. 578. Take Nothing for Granted

Wise counsel for anybody anywhere and in any circumstances, but particularly so for chess-players facing what looks like a perfectly easy task. To know that one has nothing to fear from a RP and a B of the 'wrong' colour, is one thing; but it's quite another to live up to such facile theories in a practical emergency such as this one. /8/6bp/4k3/6KP/6P1/24/. What happened was 1) P-R6, B-K4; 2) K-R5??, B-Kt6!!; and it was only now that White felt rudely woken from his pipedream of an easy draw. The sequel was: 3) K-Kt5, K-K4!; 4) K-R5, K-B3; 5) P-Kt5 ch, K-B4; 6) P-Kt6, PxP mate. White should, of course, have played K-R4 and P-Kt5 first, but after 1) P-R6, B-K4 it is by no means easy to force the draw. According to Dr Tröger's comments Black must aim for a position such as /8/7p/7P/4b1P1/8/5k2/8/7K/, with a win by . . . K-B7, forcing White to transform the 'impotent' Black RP into a very potent KtP, eager for speedy promotion.

Speaking of 'wrong colour' Bishops – in this case Bishops of opposite colour – here's a significant position (reported by K. Richter in *Schach*): /3B4/P7/2b5/6p1/6kp/16/6K1/. The Hungarian lady champion Karakas surprised her opponent by 1) . . . K-Kt6, threatening the immediate push of the RP and thereby making the KtP inviolable.

2) B-B7 ch, K-R6; 3) K-B2, P-Kt5; 4) K-K3, P-Kt6; 5) K-B4, B-Kt2; 6) B-Q6, B-R1; 7) B-B7, P-Kt7; 8) Kt-Kt6, K-R7; 9) K-Kt4, P-R6; 10) K-R4, B-B6!; 11) B-B5, P=Q!; 12) BxQ ch, K-Kt7!!; 13) P=Q, BxQ; 14) K-Kt4, B-B6 ch; 15) K-R4, B-Q8!; 16) Resigns.

Now look at this position (Pigits-Sporis, Latvian Championship 1960): /r4rk1/p1p2p1p/2q1b2p/ 1p6/ 2B2R2/ 2Q5/ PP3PP1/ 2K1R3/. White looked for the obvious only and was quite content to obtain the draw by the perpetual checks of Q-KKt3 and Q-QB3. Had he given the position another look, and yet another one, he might have found the pretty win obtainable by 1) R-Kt4 ch!, BxR; 2) BxP ch, winning the Queen and, almost certainly, the game.

Finally, here (reported by Dr Staudte) is another case of someone taking things too much for granted, and let it be a warning to all of us. Here (Kacir-Smetana, 1960) is the position: /8/ p1p1k3/4P1RP/7r/1p2K3/8/P1p5/8/. After 1) R-Kt7 ch, K-Q3; 2) P-K7 Black could have made quite sure of his win by . . . R-K4 ch. Instead, he queened his P at once and was shocked to learn that after 3) P-Kt ch! his opponent had got away with a draw by perpetual Kt-checks at B7 and K8.

The 4-pointer for beginners is well in tune with this week's theme song. In what looked like a hopelessly lost position, White refused to take the obvious for granted. How then did Marshall force the draw in a mere three moves? **B**, a draw, is a 'classic', very instructive and easy for 6 ladder-points; **C** (for 7) should be facilitated by the consideration that Black is finally thwarted in his clever attempts to stop that winning pawn. Usual prizes. Entries by 19 December.

A. Frank Marshall, 1923

B: R. Reti, 1928: /k4K2/8/4P1p1/24/4b3/8/.
C: V. Czechover, 1955: /8/3p4/4P1p1/K5kt1/ 4PP2/7P/k7/2b5/.

REPORT on No. 575 Set 19 November

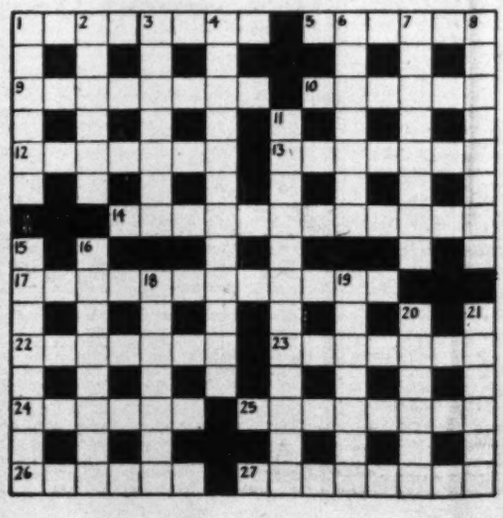
A: 21) RxKt, PxR; 22) B-B6, etc.
B: *Key*: Q-K6.
C: 1) B-Kt5 ch, K-B1!; 2) KtxP, R-Kt3; 3) B-Q3!, Kt-Q7 ch; 4) K-Q4!, RxKt; 5) K-B3!, R-R7; 6) PxP, K-Kt2!; 7) P=Q ch, KxQ; 8) P-B6, K-K1; 9) B-K6 ch, K-Q2 (best); 10) B-B5 ch, K-Q3; 11) B-Q3!, K-Q2; 12) B-B5 ch, K-K1; 13) B-Kt6 ch, K-Q1; 14) B-Q3!, etc.
6) . . . KxP refuted by 7) B-B2!, Kt-B8; 8)B-Kt3 ch.

All but three stumped by C. Prizes: G. Abrahams, D. E. Cohen, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 435

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 435, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 20 December



ACROSS

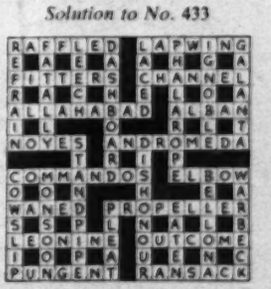
1. Headquarters puts the case differently between graduate and politician (4, 4).
5. A hundred to give for the chest (6).
9. Criminal at large with bad visibility (8).
10. Exchanges about a thousand for land unsuitable for farming (6).
12. Kind of atom exists with nothing to drink (7).
13. Artist with a musical sound at heart (7).
14. Market with advertisements before the entrance (12).
17. Dance tune number five revised but not governed by agreement (12).
22. West needs this bit of play for the fruits of gambling (7).
23. The fruit of two good shots (7).
24. Something cold found in the tunic I cleaned (6).
25. Without the human race this tree would become a wood (8).
26. Navigator starting with a mast broken (6).
27. The supporter is there and changed (8).

DOWN

1. Reel of endless curtseys (6).
2. Man who has to make his name with gold (6).
3. A violinist, I cut a Scot up (7).
4. Skill of teachers without means of punishment (12).
6. Forwards though the middle is pulled upwards (7).
7. '—— acts are beautiful through love' (Shelley) (8).
8. Returns part of the army equipment (8).
11. Part of a car for managing directors? (12).
15. Dog I record as a fighter (8).
16. Have a look at the sleepers in light clothing (8).
18. Flavour of a weakness in the state (7).
19. One of Virgil's poems finished by a modern poet (7).
20. Put someone in the international as a gangster (6).
21. 'Men love in haste, but they —— at leisure' (Byron) (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 433



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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

Department of Social Anthropology

Applications are invited for a Psychologist in the Department of Social Anthropology to assist in a study of urbanization and the effects of industrialisation which the Department is conducting in Sierra Leone, West Africa.

The appointment will commence next April-May, and will be for two years, including approximately one year spent in the field in Sierra Leone.

Applicants should have an Honours degree in Psychology, or its equivalent, and should state their experience of psychological research. The ideal candidate will be one who welcomes the prospect of working with Social Anthropologists and who is interested in testing and test construction.

Salary – £1,400 per annum, plus field work expenses. In addition the person appointed will be entitled to a cost of living allowance while in Sierra Leone, free passages for his wife, if accompanied by her, and to children's allowances if applicable.

Requests for further particulars should be made to Dr Kenneth Little, Department of Social Anthropology, University of Edinburgh, 3 Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, to whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent by 15 January 1961.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

Senior Lectureship or Lectureship in Political Economy

Applications are invited for a Senior Lectureship or a Lectureship in Political Economy. Salary scale: £1,750 – £2,275 per annum for Senior Lecturers; £1,050 – £1,850 per annum for Lecturers. Initial salary and grade of appointment according to experience and qualifications. FSSU and family allowance benefits.

Applications (8 copies) should be lodged, not later than 10 January 1961, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ROBT T. HUTCHESON,
Secretary of University Court.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

Assistantship in Political Economy

Applications are invited for an Assistantship in Political Economy. Salary scale: £800-£950 per annum. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. FSSU and family allowance benefits.

Applications (3 copies) should be lodged, not later than 10 January 1961, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ROBT T. HUTCHESON,
Secretary of University Court.

ESSEX

County Youth Service

Applications are invited for the post of UNATTACHED YOUTH WARDEN for duties as required at the Committee's Youth Centres, and to assist particularly in the development of the service.

Candidates should hold a Degree, Social Science Certificate/Diploma or Teacher's Certificate, and must have had experience in Youth work or teaching.

Salaries in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz: £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 p.a. plus a special non-pensionable travelling allowance of £40 p.a. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions. Previous comparable experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary.

Further details and application form obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date: 19 December 1960.

CORDWAINERS TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Applications are invited for half-time librarian for a small technical library. The appointment is to date from 1 February 1961.

Further details may be obtained from the Principal, Cordwainers Technical College, Mare Street, Hackney, London, E8, to whom applications should be sent by 31 December 1960. Salary Scale to be half APTI.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL EDUCATION DEPT

Required at Hounslow Child Guidance Centre, School Road, Hounslow, Middlesex:

(1) PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS (a) Full-time (b) Part-time – six sessions p. wk. Salary in accord. with the Whitley Council Scales. PTA quals.

(2) PART-TIME PSYCHOTHERAPIST for four sessions p. wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate mental health training &/or equiv. exper. in child therapy. Fee 55s. 6d. p. session.

Post (1)(a) Prescribed conditions.

Application forms (s.a.e.) Post (1) from Borough Education Officer, 6 Lampton Rd, Hounslow. Post (2) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Gt George St, SW1, returnable by 30 December. (Quote E.981 NS&N).

WORCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

The Birches, New Road, Bromsgrove. (12 beds)

Wanted, as resident Deputy Warden for Girls' Hostel (15 to 18 years), a domesticated woman with real interest in adolescent girls and ability to understand their problems and guide them in their leisure pursuits.

A knowledge of cooking, needlework and housecraft desirable and residential experience an advantage.

Salary, £420 x £20 to £535 less £120 for board and lodging. Appointment superannuable.

Apply to Children's Officer, 28 Foregate Street, Worcester, stating age, experience and names and addresses of 2 referees, within 14 days of this advertisement (G.14.)

ESSEX
GOODALL YOUTH CENTRE, LEYTON

A full-time WARDEN is required as soon as possible for the Goodall Youth Centre, Leyton.

Possession of a Degree, Social Science Diploma/Certificate or Teaching Certificate is desirable and candidates must have had experience in Youth work. Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's Scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz. £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 per annum plus London Allowance (£38 or £51). The scale will be subject to additions for training and qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Report conditions. Previous relevant experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary.

All applications received in response to previous advertisements will be considered in respect of this advertisement and no further application need be made.

Further details and application form from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date, 19 December 1960.

ARCHITECTS' Assistant required for Hospital and Commercial work. Qualified with at least five years' office experience. Salary £1,000. Apply in own handwriting stating age, qualifications and exper. to Dowton & Hurst, 10 Portman St, Ldn, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

'DUNCROFT',
Moor Lane, Staines, Middx.
(Approved School for Senior Girls)

Applications are invited for the following posts at the above School which accepts girls of good intelligence in need of psychiatric treatment.

(1) TEACHER. Applicants must be qualified to teach general subjects up to GCE 'O' Level. Special interest in English language and English literature (small classes). Post may be resident or non-resident. Salary on Burnham Scale according to experience and qualifications.

(2) DOMESTIC INSTRUCTRESS. Domestic Science, Institute of Household Management or similar qualifications desirable, but applicants with allied experience will be considered. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Board/lodging is provided at a charge of £135 per annum.

Forms of application from the Correspondent, NAMH, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

PLAISTOW MATERNITY HOSPITAL,
Howards Road, Plaistow, London, E13.

Applications are invited for the appointment of HOUSEKEEPER-CATERER, resident or non-resident. This is a newly created post which offers considerable scope for one with initiative and organising ability to introduce new systems recommended by the Regional Organisation and Methods Team. The duties include those of Catering Officer and Superintendent of Domestic Staff. Salary £615-£740 per annum plus £20-£30 per annum London Weighting Allowance according to age.

Apply to Matron, giving details of qualifications and experience.

POWICK HOSPITAL,
NR WORCESTER
(1,000 beds)

2 SOCIAL WORKERS with Degree or Social Science Diploma required. Progressive hospital four miles Malvern/Worcester with full range of therapeutic activities including OP Clubs and hostel for patients employed locally.

Salary £515 (at age 27) rising to £785 p.a. Applications to Medical Superintendent, who will be glad to supply further information.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
ORIENTAL INSTITUTE

Appointment of Secretary

Applications are invited for the post of Secretary of the Oriental Institute. Candidates, preferably aged 30-40, need not necessarily be graduates but should have secretarial qualifications and at least five years' experience of administrative work.

The stipend will be fixed in the light of age and experience, but is unlikely to be less than £750 p.a. in the first instance, on an incremental scale. Applications (six copies) stating age, qualifications and experience and the names of two referees should be sent to the Secretary of Faculties, University Registry, Oxford by 1 Jan. 1961.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GRANADA TV

are developing their Overseas Production Division which will operate in various parts of the Commonwealth including Africa, and invite applications from persons with administrative, production or engineering experience to work in these areas. Write stating the type of position applied for, age, qualifications and previous experience (including any overseas experience) to Norman Price, Personnel Manager, Granada TV Network Limited, Manchester 3.

GRANADA TV

seeks a bright, experienced Producer for new type of TV Advertising Magazine. London based. Salary according to experience and ability. Applicants should write giving details of previous experience to Norman Price, Personnel Manager, Granada TV, Manchester 3.

GROUP ORGANISER

The Ethical Union intends to appoint a man or woman to form and maintain Humanist groups in large towns of the North or North Midlands. About six months' training will first be given in London. Previous experience of organising groups is not essential, but the post requires a convinced Humanist who will work without supervision. Salary: £1,000 per annum, plus expenses. Further details from: The Secretary, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

PRINCIPAL REQUIRED

for School of English for continental Students, (Non-profit-making, 100-150 students) to be established in London early in the year. Salary £1,000-£1,500 according to qualifications and experience. British-born, knowledge of German advantage.

Application forms from 'Gesellschaft für praktisches Auslandswissen', 43 Parliament Street, SW1.

SHORTHAND TYPIST

Applications are invited for a post in the Department of Clinical Psychology. The work is varied and interesting and the starting salary at age 23 is £487 per annum rising to £630 per annum plus London Weighting.

Applications in writing to the Secretary to The Board of Governors, The National Hospital, Queen Square, WC1.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

Now is the time for all wise girls to start thinking of settling into permanent work. Secretaries, typists and all grades of clerical staff are well placed by

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BBC invites applications for Reserve List of Polish Monitors (at Caversham, near Reading), to provide candidates for future vacancies. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Polish, perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Knowledge of other languages an advantage. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,095-£1,370 p.a. when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.594.N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant to Information Officer, Scotland, in Edinburgh. Duties include collection and preparation of publicity material and its dissemination to the press and to BBC publications; handling enquiries from public and press, liaison with the press, development and maintenance of biographical material and other general publicity work. Qualifications: knowledge of Scottish history, life and affairs essential; journalistic and broadcasting experience an advantage. Salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,185 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.597.N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

ADVENTURE Playground. Notting Hill area. Full time warden required. £760 p.a. Apply giving particulars to: Secretary, 48 Highlever Road, London, W10.

CENTRAL ELECTRICITY GENERATING BOARD

LIBRARIAN

● **Applications are invited for the post of Librarian, to take charge of the Library at the Board's Research Laboratories at Leatherhead, Surrey.** The Library will shortly be moved into new buildings and the successful candidate will be involved in the detailed planning of the accommodation and will be required to reorganise and expand the existing Library service to meet the increasing needs of the Laboratories. **This will involve the establishment of a classified catalogue of information for dealing with bibliographical enquiries.** The Librarian will be responsible to the Laboratory Secretary for the efficient administration of the Library, for the ordering of all stock, and for the development and maintenance of recording systems including main catalogues.

Candidates should have experience in a special library, preferably serving a research organisation, and should possess a degree or a recognised qualification in librarianship.

● **Salary within the range £1,150-£1,240 per annum.**

Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, present position and salary, to the Personnel Officer, 24/30, Holborn, London, E.C.1., by 19th December. Envelopes should be marked "Confidential Ref. NSM/431".

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Regional Council of Adult Education. Senior Tutor-Organiser. The Council of Victoria University of Wellington proposes shortly to appoint to its adult education staff a senior tutor-organiser, and invites applications for this post from suitably qualified persons. The tutor will be under the general supervision of the Regional Council of Adult Education to which the University Council delegates most of its responsibilities for adult education, and he will be responsible, in the first instance, to the Director of Adult Education. The salary commences at £1,160 per annum and rises by annual increments of £50 to £1,460 per annum. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 January 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History. Candidates should have special qualifications and interests in medieval history. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Salary scale £800 to £950 per annum with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 31 December 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

TEACHING Staff (Assistants, Grades A and B): War Department. Posts for men to teach Mathematics, Science, Engineering (Mechanical or Electrical), General subjects (which may include Art), Metalwork and Woodwork at Army Boys Units at the following places: Aldershot; Arborfield (Berks); Bovington (Hants); Bury St Edmunds; Canterbury; Carlisle; Chepstow (Mon.); Crickhowell (Brecon.); Crookham (Hants); Denbury (Devon); Derby; Dover; Exeter; Harrogate; Lichfield; Nuneaton; Oswestry; Preston; Strensall (York); Towyn (Merioneth); Winchester; Woolwich. (Not all subjects are required at every unit). Qualifications: University degree, HNC or equivalent in appropriate subjects. Teaching experience is essential for Grade B posts and is desirable for Grade A posts. Qualified teachers without such qualifications and experience will be considered for Grade A posts. Burnham Scales for Establishments of Further Education. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5237/61. Closing date 3 January 1961.

HOUSEMASTER (resident, married or single) required as a result of recently authorised increase in staff to make a complement of eight at Stamford House, London, W12 a remand home and classifying centre for 100 boys under 16 years. Four groups (two of 30 boys and two of 20) physically separate except at assembly and meals, will each be supervised by housemasters with supporting staff. Successful candidate will be a member of a team of specialists engaged on the assessment and allocation of boys committed to approved schools and in producing reports for courts on boys remanded. Boys spend their normal school hours in the education department. Duties include liaison with probation officers, welfare officers etc. and cooperation with psychologists, psychiatric social workers and psychiatrists. Opportunity of contact with approved schools in central and southern England. Comparable experience (preferably in approved schools) essential; degree/diploma in sociology/social science or Home Office Child Care Certificate an advantage. Salary within range £675-£980 less £138 for accommodation and board etc. 8 weeks leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/N/3081/12), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Dept. Psychotherapist (part-time) reqd at Hornsey Child Guidance Centre, The Priory, Priory Rd, Hornsey, N8, for up to six sessions p. wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post-graduate mental health training and/or equivalent exper. in Child Therapy. Fee 55s. 6d. p. session. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Gt George St, SW1, returnable by 30 December. (Quote E.979 NS&N).

KENT County Council. Resident Housemother required in Hostel in Maidstone, accommodating 16 girls, 15 to 18 years. Salary £475 x £25 to £600 a year, less £120 a year emoluments. Application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone.

KENT County Council. Single man required as non-resident Instructor/Handyman in Home accommodating 14 boys over school age, at Tunbridge Wells. Salary £560 x £20 to £640 a year. Must be able to instruct in Gardening and Maintenance. Application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone.

RECEPTIONIST / telephonist / typist, 18/25, for theatrical agents. Salary £9. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Child Care Appointments. Salary range £940 – £1,300. London County Council invites applications for four positions of Senior Child Welfare Officer in the Children's Department. The persons appointed will each supervise the work of five child welfare officers. Candidates must have had field experience of work with deprived children and their families, preferably in a supervisory capacity, and should possess the Home Office Certificate in Child Care or Certificate in Applied Social Studies. Application forms (returnable by 31 December 1960) from Children's Officer, (E.1/N/3100/12), County Hall, SE1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

REQUIRED April – Resident Deputy-Head East London Settlement. General responsibilities combined with Old People's Day Centre or House Bursar or Neighbourhood Work. Salary according to experience. Apply The Head, St Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, London, E2.

STATE Registered Nurse reqd. Efficient and domesticated wishing instead of hospital routine, work in homely atmosphere of Convalescent Home for 15 Delicate Children in South Devon. Write details to Markus, Hapstead, Buckfastleigh. Accommodation for husband or single child possible.

AS a result of the retirement of the present Matron the Jewish Blind Society invites applications for the post of Matron at its Bournemouth Holiday Home. Excellent accommodation. Contributory staff pension scheme. Persons with nursing experience should apply to The Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

LABOUR Party Research Department. Socialists are invited to apply for the post of Local Government Officer; commencing salary £980 p.a. Preference will be given to candidates with a practical as well as theoretical knowledge of local government and its allied community services; in particular education, town planning and local health services. Some experience in public speaking an advantage. Application forms obtainable from the Deputy General Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1, to be returned by 19 December 1960.

TUTOR-Organiser required for Northumberland from 1 March 1961. Degree essential and appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £900 x 50 – £1,500. Commencing salary may be higher than the minima according to experience and qualifications. Application form (s.a.e.) from Workers' Educational Association, 51 Grainger Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Closing date 7 January 1961.

DIRECTOR of The English Folk Dance and Song Society required. He will be responsible to the National Executive Committee for the general organisation and artistic direction of the Society. Starting salary according to age and qualifications, but not less than £1,500 per annum is envisaged; a compulsory contributory pension scheme is operated. Applicant should preferably be of not less than 35 years of age, have a degree or similar qualification in his own field, and possess a good knowledge of cultural and musical affairs. Administrative experience an advantage. Candidates will shortly be interviewed and applications accompanied by the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to: The Chairman of the National Executive Committee, The English Folk Dance and Song Society, 2 Regent's Park Rd, London, NW1, by 18 January 1961. Envelopes should be marked 'Confidential Application'.

SENIOR Book-keeper required, fully experienced accounts and office routine. Age 25-45. Salary £500-£600 p.a. Five-day week. Hours 9.15 a.m.-5.45 p.m. Application to The General Secretary, Invalid Children's Aid Association, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8.

INTERNATIONAL Trade Union Organisation requires Shorthand-Typist for Research Department. Good knowledge of German and French or Spanish essential, other languages an advantage. Initiative important. Good conditions. Box 9141.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

ARCHITECT requires secretary, 26 hour week Mon.-Fri., correspondence, PAYE etc., near Baker St. Dannatt, WEL. 4891.

WOMAN columnist requires full- or part-time assistant. Writing ability necessary, also shorthand-typing. Box 9080.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff, (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts. £650-£800. 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS. 7379.

ANTIQUARIAN and Modern second-hand Bookseller busy small shop Cent London reqs part-time asst-typist, well-educ. 3 days wkly inc. Sat. Short hrs. Box 9093.

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season's smartest pack—
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THE FINEST FILTER TIP CIGARETTE

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MORE floods – of jobs at the Winifred Johnson Bureau, 114 Holborn (next to Gamages), EC1. HOL. 0390.

VEGETARIAN Cook-Manageress required at once for small Café. Mon.-Fri. 9-5. 13 Oldbury Place, W1. WEL. 2787.

WHILE seeking permanent cook housekeeper some temporary assistance welcomed for cheerful family Christmas holidays. Every consideration own arrangements. Can interview London. Mrs Dudley Collard, Southfield, Woodham Rise, Woking. Tel. 4617 or CHA. 8533.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BARRISTER, 33, socialist, experienced commercial, company, industrial law, seeks responsible administrative position. Ring COLindale 2124 or Box 9029.

WIFE, 25, good education, sks part-time work, office, library, bookshop, London. Suggestions. Box 9004.

MARRIED couple with unquestionable personal integrity seeks employment, in Industrial Welfare field. Excellent organisers, best references. Box 8907.

CANADIAN, about to settle in UK, seeks creative position. Bi-lingual English-German, good French, Spanish. Interests: international affairs, literature, arts. References available. Box 9166.

HOUSEKEEPER 49, expd, reliable, good plain cook, free January. Box 9082.

ARTIST (Painter (Royal Exhibitioner), Etcher, Sculptor, wood and metal craftsman) will organise or take charge Museum, Exhibition (Artistic or), Historical Collection. Experienced repairs and restorations. Photographs available. Box 9086.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, etc, but equally, fields such as Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range of £1,150 – £2,050 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £2,150 – £2,550 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent, by 15 January 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer any enquiries regarding the scope of the Fellowships.

SCHOLARSHIPS

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. Scholarship and entrance tests will be on 28 and 29 March 1961. Six awards (£60-£240). An Art or Music award is available. 11 and 13 year old entry. Applications before 28 February. Further details from The Headmaster, Abbotsholme School, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Three Open Scholarships ranging from £150 per annum to £50 per annum will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in February 1961, for girls between the ages of 12 and 14 the following September. Full particulars from the Headmistress.

CHANNING School Foundation Scholarship Examination 1961, for both boarders and day girls, will be held on 31 January-2 February next. The scholarships are open to girls born between 1 September 1947, and 31 August 1950. Full particulars from the Secretary, Channing School, Highgate, London, N6.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset (Co-educational). A scholarship of £105 a year is offered for September 1961. Girls between the ages of 9 and 14 are eligible. Prelim. selection during February by interview. Final selection end of March. For further particulars write to Principal.

SCHOLARSHIPS—continued

LEVERHULME RESEARCH AWARDS

OVERSEAS SCHOLARSHIPS 1961

Tenable in the University Colleges of Africa and the British West Indies

Application is invited for four scholarships offered to British-born graduates of United Kingdom universities who wish to undertake a period of advanced study or research at any of the University Colleges in Uganda, Nigeria, Ghana, Rhodesia or the West Indies. The value of the scholarships will be £750 for one year, renewable for a second year at £650. Candidates should be unmarried and under 25 years of age on 1 October 1961 (allowance will be made for national service). They should be normally resident in the United Kingdom and available for interview in London at the end of March or early in April.

Further information and details of the method of application are obtainable from the Secretary, Overseas Scholarships (1), Leverhulme Research Awards, St Bridget's House, Bridewell Place, London, EC4. The closing date is 15 January 1961.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ARE dishwashing machines worth the money? How many calories in your aperitif? How safe is a crash helmet? The December 'Which?' tells you. 'Which?' reports are based on independent tests and surveys. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

LAROUSSE publications. A complete catalogue will be sent on request. Special terms for libraries, schools etc. Librairie Française R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham Street, SW1. VIC. 1583.

UNIVERSITY Library Specialist seeks to buy books, MSS, Old, Modern. Will call London. Tel. TER. 1568. Catalogue 200 Rare Books available. Smith, Marchmont Bookshop, 49 Marchmont Street, WC1.

NO need to wait for January sales. 'Shopper's Guide' test reports on branded goods are a bargain now. 10s. a year from the Consumer Council, Orchard House, Orchard Street, W1.

THE following are the contents of December Plebs: 'Why I am not a Unilateralist', by Reg. Prentice, MP; 'Why I am a Unilateralist', by Fenner Brockway, MP; 'Ramsay MacDonald', by Arthur Woodburn, MP; 'The Question Box', by John L. Williams; 'Sylvia Pankhurst – A Modern Amazon', by Margaret McKay; 'Hats off to the Card Index'; "An Outline of Economic Geography', by J. F. Horrabin; 'Africa Year', by Graham Horsman; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar; Pars from the Press; New Books; Plebs Forum; NCLC News; Plebs is 6d.; by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year from the NCLC, Tillicoultry.

WIMBLEDON: Visit Lloyd's Bookshop, 64 High St, this Christmas. New and Second-hand books and Remainders, Prints, Christmas Cards, unusual Pottery. WIM. 6723.

TORY Ideas – Full details of Bow Group Literature Service from Dept N, Bow Group, 22 St Giles High Street, WC2.

COLLET'S Christmas Choice: Children's books from Russia; Seven Seas paperbacks; gift books from USSR, Eastern Europe, and China. See them at Collet's Bookshops, 64 Charing Cross Rd. WC2; 45 Museum St, WC1; 193 Haverstock Hill, NW3; 62 Carr Lane, Hull, or send for lists.

OVER 1,500 Penguin, Pelican & Egg-head paperbacks in stock at Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High Street, NW3 (HAM. 2218).

BOOKS Review Copies and others in fine condition purchased. D. Levin, 38 Berners St, W1. MUSeum 4224.

BOOK-Searchers: No fee, s.a.e. 116 Bohemia Road, St Leonards, Sussex.

'A & N' The Library Service which provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges anywhere in Great Britain. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1

WANTED: Oxford English Dictionary (13 vols.). Offers: Box 9065.

AT ease with knowledge with Everyman's Encyclopaedia. 'It's the cheapest true encyclopaedia in the world', says The Times. Sixteen thousand pages, eight million words. Cash or terms. Ring or write for a free copy of the valuable 'How to Use an Encyclopaedia' from Dent's, 10-13 Bedford Street, Strand, WC2 (TEM. 8981). Nobody will call.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London WC2

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Christmas Presents: Jewellery by Gerda Flockinger, Diane Thubron, Anthea Alley, Brion O'Casey and Michael Snow, also Picasso Scarves on sale in the Gallery.

GIVE your son (or yourself) a Planetarium. Educational, decorative. Handmade, from £3 10s. Box 8294.

'NEVER make acquaintances in coffee houses' – a sound tip from 'Hints on Etiquette' (1834), an ideal amusing Christmas gift. 4s. 9d. post paid from Turnstile Press, 10 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

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EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 11 Dec.: Clouzot's 'The Wages of Fear' (A). From 12 Dec.: Rex Harrison in 'The Rake's Progress' (A).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Cosmo Lombo and his group, Saturday 10 December, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Non-members 5s. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member. New Year's Eve at the ICA. Dancing to the Neil Millett Jazz Band: Cabaret by Bruce Lacey 9 p.m.-1 p.m. Members 12s. 6d. Non-members 15s. (Inclusive of one night's membership).

EXHIBITIONS

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Henry Moore: an exhibition of sculpture 1950-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Picture Fair 9. Works given by well-known artists and collectors including Picasso, John Piper. 8-21 December. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Adm. free.

EXHIBITION of works by Wladyslaw Wolowski (member of the Association of Polish Artists): Craftsman in Willow. Mondays to Fridays 12 December – 6 January (except 26 and 27 December) 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Extension to 8 p.m. Thursdays. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, London, W1. Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Adrian Heath – Paintings & Gouaches. Until 6 Jan. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. Oskar Kokoschka in England and Scotland. Paintings and watercolours. First Kokoschka Exhibition in London since 1927 in aid of Children & Youth Aliyah and Save the Children Fund 9 Nov.-15 Dec. Daily 11-5. Sats. 10.30-12.30

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Primo Pantoli (Italy), Cardinali (France), Halide Dolu (Turkey) – Paintings. 5-24 December. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1 Christmas Present Exhibition. Charming small pictures by English & French artists. Wkdays 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

LYONEL Feininger (1871-1956). Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. 16 Nov.-17 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admn. 1s. 6d

REX Whistler 1905-1944. Memorial exhibition. Arts Council exhibition Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 18 Dec. Weekdays 10-6; Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

MURAL Art Today at the Victoria and Albert Museum. 10-6 daily, 2-6 Sundays. Admission 1s. 6d

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Works by Picasso, Braque, Picabia, Bott, Carzou, Stanley Spencer, Piper Nolan, Boyd, Bratby & others. Wkdys 10-6, Sats 10-1

WILSON Steer (1860-1942), Tate Gallery. Arts Council exhibition. Closes 11 Dec. Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1: Winter Exhibition – Paintings, Drawings etc. under £100. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

'SELECT Art', Art Gallery. Fine Original Paintings and Drawings from 17th to 20th Century. 15 Whytecliffe Rd, Purley, Surrey (opposite Purley Station). Open daily incl. Saturdays 9.30-5.30, Wed. 9.30-1 (closed 1-2). Evening viewing by appointment. Tel. Bywood 1504 and Uplands 0789.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. New Premises now open: Paintings and Drawings 1910-1960 by Lacasse, to 7 January, 10-6.

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions: Raymond Coxon – Paintings, R. V. Pitchforth, RA – water-colours, 19th & 20th Century Etchings and lithos. Until 15 Dec. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery – Small Paintings and Sculpture by International Artists from 14 December, 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

HIGH Hill Gallery, 4 Hampstead High Street, NW3 (HAM. 8172). Paintings by Olive Cook and Edwin Smith. Weekdays 9.30-5.30 (Thurs. 9.30-1).

THE Waddington Galleries Recent paintings: Patrick Heron 10-6. Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St. W1

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Christmas Exhibition (2-20 gns). 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

BUTE Gallery, 3 Bute Street, SW7. Prints by Piranesi, Canaletto and living artists Paintings and drawings. African and Asian sculptures.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1 Chagall: original signed lithographs and hand-coloured etchings. 1950-1960. 10-6, Sats 9.30-1

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, WC2. Water-colours and Gouaches. Also for Christmas: Cards, Prints, Pottery, Small Paintings. 30 Nov.-31 Dec. 11-6, Sats. 11-4.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

TOOTHS. Opening (Thursday) 15 Dec. Christmas Exhibition 'La Famille Benois'. Mon.-Fri. 9.30-6. Sats 9.30-1. 31 Bruton Street, W1.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. E. W. Nay – paintings and watercolours. First one-man exhibition in London. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

MODERN original paintings, 5 to 30 gns on view at Charrosin Gallery, 35 Thayer St, W1. HUN 0391. Mon.-Fri. 10-5

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Whether you're a Gaitskell boy or one of Ted Hill's 'gorillas' . . .

SCARBOROUGH CAN'T BE IGNORED !

- IF you believe that Conference should be Labour's supreme policy-making body;
- IF you see the present tactics of the leadership as a direct threat to the party's democratic structure;
- IF you recognise the present struggle is for the party's soul . . .

THEN you'll do three things:

1. Write today for itinerary and details of the country-wide campaign being waged by leading progressive MPs, candidates and trade unionists between 6 and 22 January next.
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3. Send £1 (more or less) donation to:

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NKOMO! KAUNDA! CHISIZA!

Hear Central Africa's leaders

NEXT TUESDAY (13 Dec.),
7.30 p.m.

CONWAY HALL

Tickets 2s. at door. Organised by MCF.

CONGO – RELEASE LUMUMBA !
Hyde Park Rally and March
THIS SUNDAY (11 Dec.) at 2 p.m.,
Hyde Park (near Marble Arch)

Speakers will include
JOSHUA NKOMO, KENNETH KAUNDA, FENNER BROCKWAY etc.

Rally followed by March to United Nations Information Centre, Stratford Place, W1.

Organised by MCF and CAO.

The New Left
announces the inaugural
ANEURIN BEVAN MEMORIAL LECTURE
to be delivered by
Michael Foot MP
Chairman: Anthony Greenwood
Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1
Fri., 9 December, 8 p.m. Admn: 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON NLR Club. Members' meeting, Monday, 12 December. Partisan Basement, 8 p.m. Politics and Literature Group: Edward Thompson's 'Outside the Whale' (from 'Out of Apathy') Thursday, 15 December, Partisan Basement, 8 p.m. Graham Martin. History of Socialism Study Group: Recommencing Tuesday, 10 January 1961.

'THE Consumer's Problems' – Two lectures by Mrs Mary Adams, OBE ('The Consumer's Purchases') and Anthony Dumont ('Legal Protection'), at 3 and 5 p.m. respectively, at Goldsmiths' College, Lewisham Way, SE14 (TID. 2266), on Saturday, 10 December 1960. Both lecturers are members of the Council of the Consumers' Association (publishers of 'Which?'). Fee 1s. per lecture: tickets in advance, or at the door.

ST MARYLEBONE Labour Party. Africa Brains Trust – Tuesday, 13 December, 8 p.m. Seymour Hall Lecture Room, Seymour Place, W1. Panel: D. I. Davies on the Belgian Congo; Paul Mashonga on Central Africa; and Myrna Blumberg on the Union of South Africa.

UNITED Nations Association, Chelsea Branch, 36 Lower Sloane St, SW1, at 8 p.m. on Monday 12 December, 'United Nations in the Middle East,' by Dr Hugh Schonfield, Middle East Adviser on the Nation Peace Council & Recognised Authority on the Suez Canal.

CUBA Group: 'Economics after a Revolution', 7 Carlisle Street, W1. 14 Dec. 8 p.m. Free admission.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz Wednesday 14 December at 8 p.m. Kitty Grime: Personal Choice, and the Bob Crosby Orchestra by Sandy Brown. Admission members 1s. 6d., non-members 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, PARk 7696. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Tues. 13 Dec., 8 p.m. J. Schneiderman (after 1 year in USSR): 'Russian Life', talk & slides. At 24 Kensington Park Gdns, Fri. 16 Dec., 8 p.m. Irina Kirillova: 'Tyutchev, Poet and Thinker'. At French Inst., Queensberry Pl., SW7, Sun. 18 Dec., 3.30 p.m. Sov. Films: Documentary 'Last years of Tolstoy', 'The Meek One' (Krotkaya), 'An interrupted song', Czecho-Georgian.

BLACKHEATH NL Club: Harold Davies, MP on 'The Labour Party and the Future'. Kidbrooke House, 78 Shooters Hill Road. 8 p.m., Fri. 16 December.

METHODS of Teaching Russian: Prof. V. A. Dobromyslov will take a seminar on this subject at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8, 6-8, 14-15 and 22 Jan. Numbers limited. Enrol now. Fee £2 2s. Details from Librarian, SCR, WEStern 1572.

'ETERNAL Vigilance' – a talk on John Stuart Mill's 'Liberty'. New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St. W1 on Wed. 14 Dec., 8 p.m.

ILP Forum: Ted Wilmott on 'Can the Left ever be United?' Friends House, Euston Rd. Thurs. 15 Dec., 7.30 prompt.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sun. 11 Dec. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Swami Avyaktananda, 'Spirituality & Peace'.

BEHIND and Beyond Politics, Reginald W. Sorensen, MP, Sun. 11 a.m. 11 Dec. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Artificial Insemination & the Faversham Report – Dr Eleanor Mears, 13 Dec., 7.15 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 11 Dec., 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Meaning and Value of Self-government': H. J. Blackham.

'THEOSOPHY and Reincarnation'. Public lecture, 11 Dec., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. Miss P. T. N. Kennett: Beyond the Void (Zen Duality). 8.30. Fri. 16 Dec. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

CHRISTMAS Talks on the Theatre for Young Persons: 2 Jan., Judi Dench and John Stride; 3 Jan., Christopher Whelen; 4 Jan., Sir Michael and Vanessa Redgrave; 5 Jan., Visit to Old Vic. For details apply British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., W1.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

For LECTURE COURSES & SPECIALISED TRAINING please see p.951

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